HEAVEN vpon Earth: *Or* Of true Peace, and *Tranquillity of* Minde:

A 3

By Ios. Hall.

The third Edition: *Purged of many grosse faults,* escaped in the former Impressions.

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To the right Honorable, HENRY Earle of *Huntingdon*, Lord *Haſtings*, *Hungerford*, *Botreaux*, *Molines* and *Moiles*, his Maieſties Lieutenant in the Counties of Leiceſter and Rutland, my ſingular good Lord, all increaſe of true honour, and Heauen begun vpon earth.

(***)

RIght Honourable, *I haue vndertaken a great task; To teach men how to bee happy in this life: I haue*

vndertakē, & performed it. Wherin, I haue followed Seneca, *and gone beyond him: followed him, as a Philosopher; gone beyond him, as a Christian, as a Diuine: Finding it a true censure of the best Moralists, that they were like to goodly ships, graced with great titles (the* Sauegard, *the* Triumph, *the* Good-speed, *& such like) when yet they haue been both extreamly sea-beaten and at last wracked. The volume is little: perhaps, the vse more. I haue euer thought, according to the Greeke Pro-*

uerb,

uerbe, Μέγα βιβλίον μέγα κακὸν. *What it is, euen Iuſtice challengeth it to him, to whome the Author hath deuoted himſelfe: The children of the bondman are the goods of the parents Maſter. I humbly betake it, to your Honors protectiõ; & your Honor, to the protection of the higheſt.*

Your Honors
moſt humbly
deuoted, in all
dutie and ſeruice,

Ioſ. Hall.

HEAVEN vpon Earth:

Or,

Of true Peace of minde.

Section 1.

WHē I had ſtudiouſly read-ouer the morall writings of ſome wiſe Heathen (eſpecially thoſe of the Stoicall profeſſion) I muſt confeſſe I found a little enuy and pitie ſtri-

Cenſure of Philoſophers.

uing together, within me: I enuied Nature in them, to ſee her ſo witty in deuiſing ſuch plauſible refuges for doubting and troubled mindes: I pitied them, to ſee that their carefull diſquiſition of true Reſt, led them in the ende but to meere vnquietneſſe. Wherein, mee thought, they were as hounds ſwift of foot; but not exquiſite in ſent: which, in an haſty purſuit, take a wrong way; ſpending their mouthes and courſes, in vaine. Their praiſe of gheſſing wittily, they ſhal

not

not leese: their hopes both they lost, and whosoeuer follows them. If *Seneca* could haue had grace to his wit, what wonders would he haue done in this kinde? what Diuine might not haue yeelded him the chayre, for precepts of Trãquillitie, without any disparagement? As hee was, this he hath gained: Neuer any Heathen wrote more diuinely; neuer any Phylosopher, more probably. Neither would I euer desire better Master, if to this purpose I needed no other Mistris

than Nature. But this (in truth) is a task, which Nature hath neuer without presumption vndertaken; and neuer performed, without much imperfection: Like to those vain and wandring Empiricks, which in Tables and pictures make great ostētation of Cures; neuer approuing their skill to their credulous Patients. And, if shee could haue truely effected it alone, I know not what employment in this life she should haue left for Grace to busie her selfe about; nor what priui-

ledge

ledge it ſhould haue been here belowe, to be a Chriſtiã: ſince this, that we ſeeke, is the nobleſt worke of the ſoule, and in which alone conſiſts the onely Heauen of this world. This is the ſumm of all humane deſires: which when wee haue attained, then onely wee begin to liue; & are ſure we cãnot, thence-forth, liue miſerably. No maruell then, if all the heathẽ haue diligently ſought after it, many wrot of it, none attained it. Not *Athens* muſt teach this leſſon, but *Ieruſalem.*

Sect.

Sect. 2.

What Tranquillity is, and wherein it consists.

YET something Grace scorneth not to learne of Nature; as *Moses* may take good counsell of a *Midianite*. Nature hath euer had more skill in the end, than in the way to it: and whether shee haue discoursed of the good estate of the mind (which we cal *Tranquillity*) or the best (which is *Happinesse*) hath more happily ghessed at the generall definition of them, than of the means

to compasse them. Shee teacheth vs therefore, without controlement, that the *Tranquillitie* of the minde is, as of the sea and weather, when no winde stirreth, when the waues doe not tumultuously rise and fall vpon each other; but when the face both of the Heauen and waters is still, faire, and equable: That it is such an euen disposition of the heart, wherein the scoals of the minde neither rise vp towards the beame, through their owne lightnes, or the ouer-weening opinion

of

of prosperity, nor are too much depressed with any loade of sorrow: but, hanging equall and vnmooued betwixt both, giue a man liberty (in all occurrences) to enioy himselfe. Not that the most temperate minde can be so the master of his passions, as not somtimes to ouer-ioy his griefe, or ouer-grieue his ioy; according to the contrarie occasions of both. For, not the eueneſt weights, but at their first putting into the balance, somewhat sway both parts thereof; not-

without a ſhew of inequalitie: which yet, after ſome little motion, ſettle themſelues in a meete poyſe. It is enough, that, after ſome ſudden agitation, it can returne to it ſelfe, and reſt it ſelfe at laſt in a reſolued peace. And, this due compoſedneſſe of minde, wee require vnto our *Tranquillitie*; not for ſome ſhort fits of good moode (which ſoone after ende in diſcontentment) but with the condition of perpetuitie. For, there is no hart makes ſo rough weather, as not ſome-

times to admitte of a calm: and (whether for that he knoweth no present cause of his trouble; or, for that he knoweth, that cause of trouble is counteruailed with as great an occasion of priuate ioy; or for that the multitude of euils hath bred careleſſeneſs) the man that is moſt diſordered findes ſome reſpits of quietneſſe. The balances, that are moſt ill marched in their vnſteady motions, come to an equalitie; but ſtay not at it. The franticke man cannot auoide the impu-

tation

tatiō of madnes, though hee bee ſober for many Moones, if hee rage in one. So then, the calme minde muſt be ſettled in an habitual reſt: not then firme, when there is nothing to ſhake it; but then leaſt ſhaken, when it is moſt aſſayled.

Sect. 3.

Insufficiency of humane Precepts.

WHence, eaſily appears, how vainly it hath beene ſought either in ſuch a conſtant eſtate of outward things, as ſhould giue no diſtaſte vnto the minde (whiles all earthly thinges vary with the

whether, & haue no ſtay but in vncertainty) or in the naturall temper of the ſoule, ſo ordered by humane wiſedome, as that it ſhould not be affected with any caſuall euents, to either part; ſith that cannot euer by naturall power be held like to it ſelfe; but one while is cheerful, ſtirring and ready to vndertake: another while drouſie, dul, comfortleſs, prone to reſt, weary of it ſelfe, loathing his own purpoſes, his own reſolutions. In both which, ſince the wiſeſt philoſophers haue

groun-

grounded all the rules of their *Tranquillity*; it is plain, that they ſaw it afarre off (as they did heauen it ſelfe) with a deſire and admiratiõ, but knew not the way to it: whervpon (alas!) how ſlight & impotent are the remedies they preſcribe for ynquietnes! For, what is it, that *for the inconſtancie and lazineſſe of the minde ſtill diſpleaſing it ſelf in what it doth, and for that diſtemper thereof which ariſeth from the fearefull, vnthriuing, and reſtleſs deſires of it, wee ſhould euer bee imploy-*

Senecaes. rules of Tranquillitie abridged.

ing our ſelues in ſome publike affairs, choo-ſing our buſineſſe according to our inclination, and proſecuting what wee haue choſen? wherewith being at laſt cloyed, wee ſhould retire our ſelues, and weare the reſt of our time in priuat ſtudies; that wee ſhould make due comparatiue trials of our own ability, nature of our buſineſſes, diſpoſition of our choſen friends? that, in reſpect of Patrimony, we ſhould be but careleſly affected; ſo drawing it in, as it may bee leaſt for ſhowe, moſt

for vſe; remouing all pompe, bridling our hopes, cutting off ſuperfluities: for Croſſes, to cõſider that Cuſtome will abate and mitigate them; that the beſt things are but chaines and burdens to thoſe that haue them, to thoſe that vſe them; that the worſt thinges haue ſome mixture of comfort, to thoſe that groane vnder them. Or (leauing theſe lower rudiments, that are giuen to weake and ſimple nouices) to examine thoſe golden rules of Morality, which are commended to the

moſt wiſe & able practicioners: what is it, *to account himſelf as a tenant at will? to fore-imagine the worſt in al caſual matters? to auoide all idle & impertinent buſineſſes, all pragmaticall medaling with affairs of State? not ſo to fix our ſelues vpõ any one eſtate, as to bee impatient of a change? to call back the minde from outward things, and draw it home into it ſelf? to laugh at, and eſteeme lightly of others miſdemeanours? not to depend vpõ others opinions, but to ſtand on our owne bottomes? to*

carry our ſelues in an honeſt & ſimple truth, free from a curious hypocriſie (and affectatiõ of ſeeming other then we are) and yet as free frõ a baſe kinde of careleſnes? to intermeddle retyrednes, with ſociety, ſo as one may giue ſweetneſſe to the other, and both to vs? ſo ſlackning the minde that wee may not looſen it; and ſo bending, as wee may not break it? to make moſt of our ſelues, chearing vp our ſpirits with variety of recreations, with ſatiety of meals, and al other bodily indulgence; ſauing that

Allowed yet by *Seneca*, in his last chapter of Tranquillitie.

Drunkennes (me thinks) cã neither beseem a wise Philosopher to prescribe, nor a vertuous man to practice. All these in their kindes please well, profit much; and are as soueraigne for both these, as they are vnable to effect that for which they are propounded. Nature teacheth thee, All these should be done; the cannot teach thee to do thē: and yet do all these and no more, let mee neuer haue rest, if thou haue it. For, neither are here the greatest enemies of our peace so much as descri-

Senecas rules reiected, as vnsufficient.

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ed afarre off; nor thoſe that are noted are hereby ſo preuẽted, that vpõ moſt diligẽt practice we can promiſe our ſelues any ſecurity. Wherwith who ſo inſtructed dare confidently giue challenge to all ſiniſter euents, is like to ſome skilfull Fencer, who ſtands vpon his vſuall wards, & plaies wel; but, if there come a ſtrange fetch of an vnwonted blowe, is put beſides the rules of his Art, and with much ſhame ouertaken. And for thoſe that are knowen (beleeue me) the

Minde of man is too weake to beare out it ſelf hereby, againſt all onſets. There are *light Croſſes*, that will take an eaſie repulſe: others yet *ſtronger*, that ſhake the houſe ſide; but breake not in vpō vs: others *vehement*, which by force make way to the heart where they finde none; breaking open the doore of the ſoule that denies entrance: others *violent*, that lift the minde off ẏ hendges, or rend the bars of it in peeces: others *furious*, that teare vp the very foundations

from

from ỹ bottome; leauing no monument behinde them, but ruine. The wiſeſt & moſt reſolute Moraliſt, that euer was, lookt pale when he ſhuld taſte of his Hemlock; and, by his timorouſneſſe, made ſport to thoſe that enuied his ſpeculations. The beſt of the heathen Emperors (that was honored with the Title of Pietie) iuſtly magnified that courage of Chriſtians, which made them inſult ouer their tormentors: & by their feareleſsneſs of earthquakes and deaths, argued the truth of their

Antonius Pius.

An epiſtle to the Aſians concerning the perſecuted chriſtians.

Religion. It must be, it can be none but a diuine power, that can vphold the minde against the rage of main afflictions: & yet the greatest Crosses are not the greatest enemies to inward Peace. Let vs therefore look vp aboue our selues; and (from the rules of an hyer Art) supply the defects of naturall wisedome; giuing such infallible directions for *Tranquillitie*, that whosoeuer shall follow, cannot but liue sweetly, and with continuall delight: applauding himselfe at

home, when all the world beſides him ſhall be miſerable. To which purpoſe it ſhall bee requiſite, firſt to remooue all cauſes of vnquietnes; and then to ſet down the grounds of our happy Reſt.

Diſpoſition of the worke.

Sect. 4.

I Finde, on the one hand, two vniuerſall Enemies of Tranquillitie; *Conſcience of euill done*, *Senſe or feare of euill ſuffered*. The former, in one word wee call *Sinne*; the later, *Croſſes*. The firſt of theſe muſt bee

Enemies of inward *Peace* diuided into their rāks.

quite taken away; the second duely tempered, ere the heart can bee at rest. For, first how canne that man bee at *peace*, that is at *variance* with God and himselfe? How should Peace be Gods gift, if it could be without him, if it could be against him? It is the profession of Sinne (although faire spoken at the first closing) to be a perpetuall make-bate betwixt God and man, betwixt a man and himselfe. And this enmitie, tho it do not continually shew it selfe (as, the mor-

talleſt

talleſt enemies are not alwaies in pitched fields, one againſt the other) for that the conſcience is not euer clamorous (but ſomewhile is ſilent; otherwhiles, with ſtill murmurings bewrayes his miſlikes) yet doth euermore worke ſecret vnquietnes to the heart. The guilty man may haue a *ſeeming truce*: a *true Peace* hee cannot haue. Looke vpon the face of a guilty heart; and thou ſhalt ſee it pale and gaſtly, the ſmiles and laughters faint and heartleſs, the

The torment of an euil Conſcience.

ſpeeches doubtfull, and full of abrupt ſtops and vnſeaſonable turnings, the purpoſes & motions vnſteady, & ſauoring of much diſtraction; arguingplainly, that Sin is not ſo ſmoothe at her firſt motions, as turbulent afterwards. Hence, are thoſe vaine wearyings of places & companies together with our ſelues, that the galled ſoule doth (after the wont of ſicke Patients) ſeek refreſhing in varietie; and, after many toſſed and turned ſides, complaines of remedileſs and vnabated

torment.

torment. *Nero*, after ſo much innocent blood, may change his bed-chamber: but, his Fiends euer attend him, euer are within him, and are as parts of himſelfe. Alas! what auailes it to ſeeke outward reliefes, when thou haſt thine executioner within thee? If thou couldeſt ſhift from thy ſelfe, thou mighteſt haue ſome hope of eaſe: now, thou ſhalt neuer want *Furies*, ſo long as thou haſt thy ſelfe. Yea, what if thou wouldeſt runne from thy ſelfe? Thy Soule may

flie from thy Body: thy Conſcience will not flie from thy Soule; nor thy Sinne from thy Conſcience. Some men indeed, in the bitternes of theſe pangs of ſinne (like vnto thoſe fondly impatient fiſhes, that leape out of the pan into the flame) haue leapt out of this priuate hell (that is in themſelues) into the cõmon pit; chooſing rather to aduenture vpon the *future paines* that they haue feared, than to indure the *preſent horrors* they haue felt. Wherein, what haue

they gayned, but to that Hell which was within them a ſecond Hel without? The Conſcience leaues not where the Fiends begin: but, both ioyn together in torture. But, there are ſome firme and obdurate forheads, whoſe reſolution canne laugh their ſinnes out of countenance. There are ſo large and able gorges, as that they canne ſwallow & digeſt bloodie murders, without complaint: who, with the ſame hands which they haue ſince their laſt meale embrued

The Ioy and Peace of the guilty but dissembled.

in blood, can freely carue to themselues large morsells at the next sitting. Beleeuest thou, that such a mans heart laughes, with his face? will not hee dare to be an Hypocrite, that durst be a Villaine? These glowe-worms, when a night of sorow compasseth them, make a lightsome and fiery shewe of ioy; when, if thou presse them, thou findest nothing but a cold & crude moisture. Knowest thou not, that there are those, who count it no shame to sinne, yet count it a

ſhame to bee checked with remorſe, eſpecially ſo as others eies may deſcry? to whom repentance ſeemes baſe-minmindedneſſe; vnworthy of him that profeſſes wiſedome and valour. Such a man can grieue, when none ſees it, but himſelf: can laugh, when others ſee it, himſelf feels not. Aſſure thy ſelf, that mans hart bleedeth, when his face coũterfeits a ſmile. He wears out many waking hours when thou thinkeſt hee reſteth: yea, as his thoughts affoord him

not

not ſleepe, ſo his verie ſleepe affoords him not reſt; but, while his ſenſes are tyed vp, his Sinne is looſe, repreſenting it ſelfe to him in his vglieſt ſhape, and frighting him with horrible and helliſh dreams. And if (perhaps) cuſtome hath bred a careleſnes in him (as we ſee, that vſuall whipping makes the childe not care for the rod) yet an vnwonted extremity of the blowe ſhall fetch blood of the Soule; and make the backe, that is moſt hardened, ſenſible of ſmart: and the

further the bloawe is fetcht through intermiſſion of remorſe, the harder it muſt needs alight. Therefore I may confidently tell the careleſſe ſinner, as that bold *Tragediã* ſaid to his great *Pompey*; *The time ſhall come, wherein thou ſhalt fetch deepe ſighes; and therfore ſhalt ſorrow deſperatly, becauſe thou ſorrowedſt not ſooner.* The fire of the Cõſciẽce may ly, for a time, ſmothered with a pile of greene wood, that it cannot be diſcerned: whoſe moiſture when once it hath

mastered, it sends vp so much greater flame, by how much it had greater resistance. Hope not then to stop the mouth of thy Conscience from exclaiming, whiles thy Sinne continues: that indeuour is both vaine and hurtfull. So I haue seene them that haue stopt the nosthrill for bleeding, in hope to stay the issue; when ỹ blood, hindered in his former course, hath broken out of the mouth, or found way downe into the stomack. The Conscience is not pacifiable, while Sin

is within, to vex it; no more, than an angrie swelling canne ceaſe throbbing and aching, whiles the thorne or the corrupted matter lies rotting vnderneath. Time, that remedies all other euills of the minde, increaſeth this; which, like to bodily diſeaſes, proues worſe with continuance, and growes vppon vs with our age.

Sect. 5.

The remedy of an vnquiet Cõscience.

THere can bee therefore no *Peace*, without *Reconciliatiõ*; thou canſt not be friends with thy ſelfe, till with God. For, thy Conſcience (which is thy beſt friend, while thou ſinneſt not) like an honeſt Seruant takes his Maſters part againſt thee, when thou haſt ſinned; and will not looke ſtraight vpon thee, till thou vpon God: not daring to be ſo kinde to thee, as to be vnfaithfull to his Ma-

ker

ker. There can be no *Reconciliation*, without *Remiſsion*. God can neither forget the iniurie of Sin, nor diſſemble hatred. It is for men, and thoſe of hollow hearts, to make pretences, contrary to their affections. Soothings, and ſmiles, & imbracements, where wee mean not loue, are from weakeneſs; either for that wee feare our inſufficiency for preſent reuenge, or hope for a fitter opportunitie afterwards, or for that we deſire to make our further aduantage of him to

whom

whom wee meane euill. Theſe courſes are not incident to an almighty power: who, hauing the command of all vengeance, can ſmite where hee liſt, without all doubtings, or delaies. There can be no *Remiſſion*, without *Satisfaction*. Neither dealeth God with vs, as we Men with ſome deſperat debters: whom, after long dilation of paiments and many dayes broken, we altogether let go, for diſabilitie; or, at leaſt, diſmiſs them, vpon an eaſie compoſition. All ſinnes

are debts: all Gods debts must bee discharged. It is a bolde word, but a true; *God should not be iust, if any of his debts should passe, vnsatisfied.* The conceit of the profane vulgar makes God, all of mercies; and therupon, hopes for pardon, without payment. Fond & ignorant presumptiō! to disioyne Mercie and Iustice, in him, to whom they are both essentiall; to make mercy exceede iustice, in him, in whom both are infinite. Darest thou hope God can be so kinde to thee, as to

be vniuſt to himſelf? God will be iuſt: go thou on to preſume, and periſh. There can be no Satisfaction, by any recompēce of ours: an infinit iuſtice is offended; an infinit puniſhment is deſerued, by euery ſin: and euery mans ſins are as neere to infinite, as number can make them. Our beſt endeauour is worſe then finite, imperfect, & faulty. If it could be perfect, we owe it al, in preſēt. What we are bound to doe in preſent, cannot make amends for what we haue not done in time paſt:

which

which while we offer to God as good payment; we do, with the profane traueller, think to please him with emptie date-shells, in lieu of preseruatiō. Where shal we then finde a payment of infinite value, but in him which is onely and al infinite? The dignitie of whose Person, being infinite, gaue such worth to his satisfactiō; that what he suffered in short time, was proportionable to what we should haue suffered beyond all times. Hee did all, suffered all, paied all: hee did it for

vs; wee in him. Where ſhall I begin to wonder at thee, O thou diuine & eternall peacemaker, the ſauiour of men, the anointed of God, mediator betweene God and man! in whom there is nothing, which doth not exceede not onely the conceit, but the very wonder of Angels; who ſaw thee in thy humiliation with ſilence, and adore thee in thy glory with perpetuall praiſes and reioycings. Thou waſt for euer of thy ſelf as God, of the Father as the Son; the eternall Son

of

of an eternal Father; not later in being, not leſſe in dignitie, not other in ſubſtance: Begotten, without diminution of him that begot thee; while hee communicated that wholly to thee, which hee retained wholly in himſelfe: becauſe both were infinite, without inequalitie of nature, without diuiſion of eſſence: when, being in this eſtate, thine infinite loue and mercy to deſperate mankinde cauſed thee (O Sauior!) to empty thy ſelfe of thy glory, that thou might'ſt

put on our ſhame & miſery. Wherfore, not ceaſing to be God (as thou wert) thou beganſt to be (what thou wert not) man; to the ende that thou mighteſt be a perfect Mediatour betwixt God and man, which wert both in one perſon: God, that thou mighteſt ſatisfie; Man, that thou mightſt ſuffer: that, ſince man had ſinned and God was offended, thou which wert God and man, mighteſt ſatisfie God for man, None but thy ſelfe (which art the *eternall Word*) can expreſs

the

the depth of this myſtery, that God ſhould be cloathed with fleſh, come downe to men, and become man; that man might bee exalted into the higheſt heauens, and that our nature might be taken into the fellowſhip of the Deitie. That he, to whom al Powers in heauen bowed (and thought it their honour to be ſeruiceable) ſhould come downe to bee a ſeruant to his ſlaues, a ranſome for his enemies; together with our nature taking vp our very infirmities,

our ſhame, our torments, and bearing our ſinnes, without ſinne. That thou whome the Heauens were too ſtrait to containe, ſhouldſt lay thy ſelfe in an obſcure cratch: thou, which wert attended of Angels ſhouldſt be *derided* of men, *reiected* of thine owne, *perſecuted* by Tyrants, *tempted* with Diuels, *betrayed* of thy ſeruant, *crucified* among theeues, and (which was worſe then al theſe) in thine owne apprehenſion (for the time) as *forſaken* of thy father.

That

That thou, whom our ſinnes had pearced, ſhouldſt for our ſinnes both ſweat drops of blood in the Garden, & powr out ſtreames of blood vpon the Croſſe. O, the inualuable purchaſe of our peace! O ranſom, enough for mo worlds! Thou, which wert (in the Counſell of thy Father) the *Lamb* ſlaine from the beginning of time, cam'ſt now in fulnes of time to be ſlaine by man, for man; being (at once) the *Saeriſice* offered, the *Prieſt* that did offer, and the

God to whome it was offered. How gratiouſly diddeſt thou both *proclaime* our peace (as a *Prophet*) in the time of thy life, vpon earth! and *purchaſe* it, by thy blood (as a *Prieſt*) at thy death! and now confirmeſt and *applieſt* it, as a *King* in heauen! By thee onely, it was procured: by thee, it is profered. O mercy, without example, without meaſure! God offers peace, to man: the holy ſeeks to the vniuſt; the potter, to the clay; the King, to the traytor. Wee

are vnworthy that wee ſhould bee receiued to peace, tho wee deſired it: what are wee then, that wee ſhould haue peace offered, for the receiuing? An eaſie condition of ſo great a benefit! he requires vs not to earne it; but to accept it of him. What could hee giue more? what could he require leſſe, of vs?

Sect. 6.

THE purchaſe therfore of our Peace was paid, at once; yet, muſt be ſeue-

The receit of our *Peace* offered by *Faith.*

rally recconed to euery ſoule, whom it ſhall benefit. If wee haue not an hand, to take what Chriſts hand doth either hold, or offer; what is ſufficient in him, cannot be effectuall to vs. The ſpirituall hand, whereby we apprehend the ſweet offers of our Sauiour, is faith; which (in ſhort) is no other than an affiance in the Mediator. Receiue peace, and bee happy: believe, & thou haſt receiued. From hence it is, that we are intereſſed in all that either God hath promi-

ſed,

ſed, or Chriſt hath performed. Hence haue wee, from God, both forgiuenes and loue; the ground of all either peace or glory. Hence, of Enemies we become (more then Friendes) Sonnes: and, as ſonnes, may both expect and challenge, not onely carefull prouiſion and ſafe protection on earth, but an euerlaſting patrimony aboue. This field is ſo ſpatious, that it were eaſie for a man to leeſe himſelf in it. And, if I ſhould ſpend all my pilgrimage in this walk,

my time would ſooner end than my way: wherin, I would haue meaſured more paſes; were it not that our ſcope is not ſo much to magnifie the benefit of our Peace, as to ſeeke how to obtaine it.

A corollary of the benefite of this receite.

Behold now, after we haue ſought heauen and earth, heere onely the wearied Doue may finde an Oliue of peace. The *apprehending* of this alſufficient *Satisfaction*, makes it ours: vpon our *Satisfaction*, wee haue *Remiſsion:* vpon *Remiſsion*, followes *Reconcilia-*

tion;

tion; vpon our *Reconciliation*, *Peace*. When therfore thy Conſciẽce, like a ſtern Sergeant, ſhal catch thee by the throat, and arreſt thee vpon Gods debt; let thy onely plea be, that thou haſt already paid it. Bring forth that bloody acquittãce, ſealed to thee (from heauen) vpon thy true Faith: ſtraight-way, thou ſhalt ſee the fierce & terrible looke of thy Conſcience changed into friendly ſmiles; and that rough & violẽt hand, that was ready to drag thee to priſon, ſhall now louingly

imbrace thee, and fight for thee against all the wrongfull attempts of any spirituall aduersarie. O heauenly Peace! and more than peace; Friendship: whereby alone, we are leagued with our selues, and God with vs. Which who-euer wãts, shal finde a sad Remembrancer, in the midst of his dissembled iollity: and, after all vain strifes, shall fall into many secret dumps; from which his guiltie heart shall deny to be cheared, tho all the world were his Minstrell. Oh pleasure, wor-

thy

thy to bee pitied, and laughter worthy of tears, that is without this! Go then, fooliſh man; and, when thou feeleſt any check of thy Sinne, ſeeke thou after thy iocondeſt companions: deceiue the time and thy ſelfe, with merrie purpoſes, with buſie games: feaſt-away thy Cares; bury them and thy ſelfe in wine and ſleepe: after all theſe friuolous differrings, it will returne vpon thee, when thou wakeſt; perhaps, ere thou wakeſt: nor will bee repelled, till it haue ſhow-

The vaine ſhifts of the guilty.

ed

ed thee thy hell; nor, when it had ſhowed thee, will yet be repelled. So, the ſtricken Deere, hauing receiued a deadly arrow (whoſe ſhaft, ſhaken out, hath left the head behinde it) runs frō one thicket to another; not able to change his paine with his places, but finding his wounds ſtill the worſe with continuance. Ah foole! thy ſoule feſtereth within, and is affected ſo much more dangerouſly, by how much leſs it appeareth. Thou maiſt while thy ſelfe, with varietie:

thou

thou canſt not eaſe thee. Sin owes thee a ſpight, and will pay it thee, perhaps when thou art in worſt caſe to ſuſtaine it. This flitting doth but prouide for a further violence, at laſt. I haue ſeen a little ſtream (of no noiſe) which, vpon his ſtoppage, hath ſwelled vp, and (with a loude guſhing) hath borne-ouer the heap of turves wherwith it was reſiſted. Thy Death-bed ſhall ſmart for theſe wilfull adiournings of Repentance: whereon, how many haue wee heard ra-

uing

uing, of their olde neglected ſins? and fearfully deſpairing, when they haue had moſt neede of comfort? In ſumme, there is no way but this; Thy Conſcience muſt haue either *Satisfaction*, or *Torment*. Diſcharge thy Sinne betimes, and bee at peace. *Hee neuer breakes his ſleep for debt, that payes when he takes vp.*

Sect. 7.

NEither cannie it ſuffice for Peace, to haue croſſed the old ſcroule of our Sins; if wee preuent not the future: yea, the preſent very Importunitie of Tentation breeds vn-iemeſſe. Sinne, where it hath got an haunt, looketh for more; as humours, that fall towards their old iſſue: and, if it be not ſtrongly repelled, doth neere as much vex vs with ſoliciting, as with yeelding. Let o-

Solicitation of Sin remedied.

thers

thers enuie their happineſs: I ſhall neuer thinke their life ſo much as quiet, whoſe doores are continually beaten, and their morning ſleep broken, with early Clients: whoſe entries are daily thronged with Suiters, preſſing neere for the next Audience; much leſs, who (through their remiſſe anſwers) are daily haunted with traitors, or other inſtruments of villany, offering their miſchieuous ſeruice, and inciting them to ſome peſtilent enterpriſe: Such are Tentations, to the

Soule; whereof it cannot be ridde, so long as it holds them in any hope of entertainement: and so long they will hope to preuaile, while wee giue them but a cold and timorous denyall. Suters are drawen on, with an easie repulse; counting that, as halfe granted, which is but faintly gainsaid: onely peremptory answeres canne put Sinne out of heart, for any second attempts. It is euer impudent, when it meets not with a bold heart; hoping to preuaile by wea-

rying

rying vs, & wearying vs by intreaties. Let all suggestions therefore finde thee resolute: so shal thy soule finde it selfe at rest. For, as the Diuell, so Sin (his naturall brood) flies away, with resistance. To which purpose, all our heady and disordered affections (which are the secret Factors of Sin and Satan) must bee restrained, by a strong and yet temperate Commaund of Reason and Religion. These, if they finde the reynes loose in their necks (like to the wilde horses of that chaste

The ordering of affections.

hun-

hunter, in the Tragedie) carry vs ouer hills and rocks; and neuer leaue vs, till wee bee dismembred, and they breathless: but, contrarily, if they be pulled-in with the sudden violence of a straite hand; they fall to plunging, and careering, and neuer leaue till their saddle be emptie, and euen then dangerously strike at their prostrate Rider. If there be any exercise of Christian wisedome, it is in the menaging of these vnruly affections: which are not more necessary

in their beſt vſe, than pernicious in their miſgouernance. Reaſon hath alwaies been buſie in vndertaking this ſo neceſſarie a moderation. Wherin, altho ſhe haue preuailed with ſome of colder temper; yet thoſe which haue beene of more ſtubborne metall (like vnto growen Schollers, which ſcorne the ferule that ruled their minoritie) haue ſtill deſpiſed her weake indeauors. Onely Chriſtianitie hath this power: which, with our ſecond birth, giues vs a new nature

ture. So that now, if *exceſſe* of paſſions be naturall to vs as Men, the *ordering* of them is naturall to vs as Chriſtians. Reaſon bids the angrie man ſay ouer his Alphabet, ere hee giue his anſwere; hoping, by this intermiſſion of time, to gaine the mitigation of his rage. Hee was neuer throughly angrie, that can indure the recitall of ſo many idle letters. Chriſtianitie giues not *rules*, but *power*, to auoid this ſhort madneſſe. It was a wiſe ſpeech, that is reported of our beſt and

laſt Cardinall, I hope, that this Iland either did or ſhall ſee: who, when a skilfull Aſtrologer (vpon the calculation of his Natiuitie) had forerold him ſome ſpecialities, concerning his future eſtate, aunſwered; Such, perhaps, I was borne: but, ſince that time, I haue been borne againe; and my ſecond Natiuitie hath croſſed my firſt. The power of of Nature is a good plea for thoſe, that acknowledge nothing aboue Nature. But, for a Chriſtian to excuſe his in-

tem-

temperateneſſe by his naturall inclination (and to ſay, I am borne cholerick, ſullen, amorous) is an Apologie worſe then the faulte. Wherefore ſerves Religion, but to ſubdue or gouerne Nature? Wee are ſo much Chriſtians, as we can rule our ſelues: the reſt is but forme, and ſpeculation. Yea, the verie thought of our profeſſion is ſo powerfull, that (like vnto that precious ſtone) being caſt into this ſea, it aſſwageth thoſe inward Tempeſtes, that were

rayſed by the Affections. The vnregenerate minde is not capable of this power; and therefore, through the continuall mutinies of his paſſions, cannot but bee ſubiect to perpetuall vnquietneſſe. There is neither remedy, nor hope in this eſtate: but the Chriſtian Soule (that hath inured it ſelfe to the awe of God, & the exerciſes of true mortification) by the only looking-vp at his holy Profeſſion, cureth the burning venome of theſe fiery ſerpents, that lurke

within him. Hast thou nothing but Nature? resolue, to looke for no Peace. God is not prodigall, to cast away his best blessings, on so vnworthy subiectes. Art thou a Christian? Do but remember thou art so: & then, if thou dar'st, if thou canst, yeeld to the excesse of Passions.

Sect. 8.

HItherto, the most inward and dangerous Enemy of our Peace: which if wee haue once mastred, the

The second maine enemie to Peace; Crosses.

other fieldshal be fought & won with less blood. Crosses disquiet vs, either in their present feeling, or their expectations both of them, when they meet with weake minds, so extreamely distempering them, that the Patient (for the time) is not himselfe. How manie haue wee knowen, which (through a lingring disease) wearie of their paine, wearie of their liues, haue made their owne hands their Executioners? How many, meeting with an head-strong

griefe

griefe, which they could not menage, haue by the violence of it beene caried quite from their wits? How many millions (what for incurable maladies, what for losses, what for defamations, what for sad accidents to their children) rub out their liues, in perpetuall discontentment? therefore liuing, because they cannot yet die; not, for that they like to liue. If there could bee any humane receit prescribed to auoid euils, it wold bepurchased at an hie rate: But

both it is impoſſible that earth ſhuld redreſſe that which is ſent from heauen; and, if it could bee done, euen the want of miſeries would proue miſerable. For, the mind, cloyed with continuall felicitie, would growe a burden to it ſelfe; loathing that at laſt, which intermiſſion would haue made pleaſant. Giue a free horſe the full raines, & he wil ſoon tire. Summer is the ſweeteſt ſeaſon, by al cõſents; wherin, the earth is both moſt rich with encreaſe and moſt gorgeous for or-

nament: yet if it were not receiued with enterchanges of cold frosts and pearcing windes, who could liue? Summer would bee no summer, if winter did not both lead it in, and follow it. Wee may not, therefore, either hope or striue to escape all Crosses; some we may. What thou canst, flye from: what thou canst not, allay & mitigate. In Crosses, vniuersally, let this be thy rule; Make thy selfe none: escape some: bear the rest: sweeten all.

Sect. 9.

Of crosses that arise from Cõceite.

APprehẽsiõ giues life to Crosses: and if some bee simply, most are as they are taken. I haue seene many, which, when God hath meant them no hurt, haue framed themselues Crosses, out of imagination; & haue found that insupportable for weight, which in truth neuer was, neither had euer any but a fancied Being: Others againe, laughing-out heauy afflictions; for which, they

were

were bemoaned of the beholders. One receiues a deadly wound; & looks not so much as pale, at the smart: an other hears of maine losses; and, like *Zeno* after newes of his shipwrack (as altogether passion-less) goes to his rest: not breaking an houres sleepe for that, which would breake the heart of some others. *Greenham*, that Saint of ours (whom it cannot disparage, that he was reserued for our so loose an age) canne lie spred quietly vpon the forme, looking for the

Chirurgians knife; binding himself as fast with a resolued patience, as others with strongest cords: abiding his flesh carued and his bowels rifled, and not stirring more then if he felt not; while others tremble to expect, & shrink to feele, but the pricking of a veine. There can be no remedie, for imaginary Crosses, but Wisedome; which shal teach vs to esteeme of all euents, as they are: like a true glasse, representing all things to our mindes, in their due proportion;

ſo as Croſſes may not ſeeme, that are not: nor little & gentle ones ſeem great and intolerable. Giue thy body Ellebore, thy mind good Counſel, thine eare to thy friend; and theſe fantaſticall euills ſhall vaniſh away, like themſelues.

Sect. 10.

IT were Idle aduiſe to bid men auoid euills. Nature hath, by a ſecret inſtinct, taught brute creatures ſo much, whether

Of true and reall Croſſes.

wit or ſagacitie: and our ſelfe-loue (making the beſt aduantage of Reaſon) will eaſily make vs ſo wiſe and carefull. It is more worth our labour (ſince our life is ſo open to calamities, and nature to impatience) to teach men to beare what euills they cannot auoide; and how, by a well diſpoſedneſſe of minde, wee may correct the iniquitie of all hard euents. Wherin it is hardly credible, how much, good Atte, and precepts of Reſolution may auaile vs. I

haue ſeene one man(by the helpe of a little engine)lift vp that weight (alone)which fortie helping hands (by their cleare ſtrength) might haue indeuored in vaine. We liue here in an Ocean of troubles, wherein wee cannot ſee no firme land; One waue falling vpon another, ere the former haue wrought all his ſpight. Miſchiefes ſtriue for places; as if they feared to loſe their roome, if they haſted not. So many good thinges as wee haue, ſo many euilles

ariſe from their priuation; beſides no fewer reall and poſitiue euils, that afflict vs. To preſcribe & apply receits to euery particular Croſſe, were to write a *Salmeron* like Commentarie vpon *Petrarchs* Remedies: and I doubt, whether ſo the worke would be perfect. A life would be too little, to write it; and but enough, to read it.

Sect. 11.

The firſt remedie of Croſſes.

THe ſame Medicines cānot helpe all diſeaſes of the

Bodie;

Bodie: of the Soule, they may. Wee ſee, Fencers giue their ſcholl-ers the ſame common rules of poſition, of warding, and of weelding their weapõ, for offence, for defence, againſt all commers: ſuch vniuerſal precepts there are for Croſſes. In the firſt wherof, I would preſcribe *Expectation*; that either killeth, or abateth euils. For, Croſſes (after the nature of ỳ *Cockatrice*) dy, if they be fore-ſeene. Whether this prouidẽce makes vs more ſtrong to reſiſt, or (by ſome ſecret power)

Before they come

makes

makes them more vnable to assault vs; It is not credible, what a fore-resolued minde can do, can suffer. Could our English *Milo*, of whom Spayne yet speaketh since their last Peace, haue ouerthrowen that furious beast, made now more violẽt through the rage of his baiting; if he had not settled himselfe in his station, and expected? The frighted multitude ran away from that ouerearnest sport, which (begun in pleasure) ended in terror: if Hee had turned his back with the

rest,

reſt, where had been his ſafety, where his glory, and reward? Now, Hee ſtood ſtil, expected, ouercame: by one fact, he at once preferued, honored, inriched himſelfe. Euills will come neuer the ſooner, for that thou lookeſt for them: they will come the eaſier. It is a labor well loſt, if they come not; & wel beſtowed, if they do come. We are ſure, the worſt may come: why ſhould wee bee ſecure, that it will not? Suddenneſs findes weake mindes ſecure, makes them miſerable,

leaues them desperate. The best way, therefore, is to make things present in conceit, before they come; that they may be half past in their violence, when they doe come: euen as, with wodden wasters, wee learn to play at ỹ sharp. As therfore good souldiors exercise thẽselues long at the pale, and there vse those actiuities which afterwardes they shal practice vpon a true aduersary: so must wee present to our selues imaginary crosses; & menage them in our minde,

before God ſends them in euēt. Now I eat, ſleep, digeſt; all ſoundly, without complaint: what if a languiſhing diſeaſe ſhold bereaue me of my appetite & reſt; that I ſhould ſee dainties & loath thē, ſurfeiting of the verie ſmell (nay, the thought) of the beſt diſhes? that I ſhuld count the lingring houres, and thinke *Ezechias* long day returned; wearying my ſelfe with changing ſides, & wiſhing any thing but what I am? How could I take this diſtemper? Now I haue, if not what I

would

would, yet what I need: as not abounding with idle ſuperfluities, ſo not ſtraitned with penurie of the neceſſarie things: What if Pouerty ſhould ruſh vpon me, as an armed man (ſpoyling me, of all my little that I had) and ſend me to the fountaine, for my beſt cellar? to the ground, for my bed? for my bread, to anothers cup-bord? for my cloathes, to the brokers ſhop, or my friends ward-robe? How could I brooke this want? I am now at home, walking in my owne grounds,

loo-

looking on my young plants, ỹ hope of posterity; considering the nature, aduantages, or feares of my soile, inioying the patrimonie of my fathers: What, if for my Religion, or the malicious sentence of some great one) I should be exiled from my country; wandering amongst those, whose habite, language, fashion, my ignorance shall make mee wonder at; where the solitude of places, and strangenes of persons shall make my life vncomfortable? How

could

could I abide the ſmel of forraine ſmoke ? How ſhould I take the contempt and hard vſage, that waits vpō ſtrangers? Thy proſperitie is idle, and ill ſpent, if it bee not meddled with ſuch forecaſting and wiſely ſuſpicious thoughts ; if it be wholly beſtowed in enioying, no whit in preuenting: Like vnto a fooliſh Cittie, which, notwithſtanding a dangerous ſituation, ſpends all her wealth in rich furnitures of chambers, and ſtate-houſes ; while they beſtowe not one ſhouel-

full of earth, on outward Bulwarkes, to their defence: this is but to make our enemies the happier and our ſelues the more readily miſerable. If thou wilt not therfore be oppreſſed with euills; *Expect*, and *Exerciſe*: Exerciſe thy ſelfe, with conceit of euils; Expect the euils themſelues: Yea, exerciſe thy ſelfe in expectation. So, while the minde pleaſeth it ſelfe, in thinking, *Yet* I am not thus; it prepareth it ſelfe, againſt it *may be* ſo: And if ſome, that haue beene good at the foyles, haue

proued cowardly at the sharpe; yet (on the contrarie) who-euer durst point a single combate in the field, that hath not been somewhat trayned in the fence-schoole?

Sect. 12.

The next remedy of Crosses when they are come.

NEither doth it a little blunt the edge of euills, To consider that they come from a diuine hand; whose almightie power is guided by a most wise prouidence, & tempred with a fatherly loue. Euen the sauage

Prō their Author.

creatures

creatures will bee ſmitten of their keeper, and repine not: if of a ſtranger, they teare him in peeces. He ſtrikes mee that made me, that moderates the world: why ſtruggle I with him? why with my ſelfe? Am I a foole, or a Rebel? A foole, if I bee ignorant whence my croſſes com: A Rebel, if I knowe it, and bee impatient. My ſufferings are from a God; from my God: he hath deſtin'd mee euerie dramme of ſorrow, that I feele; Thus much thou ſhalt abide: and

here ſhall thy miſeries be ſtinted. Al worldly helps cannot abate them: all powers of hell cannot adde one ſcruple to their weight, that hé hath allotted me. I muſt, therefore, either blaſpheame God in my heart, detracting from his infinite iuſtice, wiſedome, power, mercy (which all ſhall ſtand inuiolable, when millions of ſuch worms, as I am, are gon to duſt) or els confeſs, that I ought to be patiēt. And, if I profeſſe I ſhould bee what I will not; I befool my ſelfe, and bewray miſerable

ſerable impotencie. But (as Impatience is full of excuſes) it was thine own raſh improuidence, or the ſpight of thine enemy, that impouerisht, that defamed thee: it was the malignitie of ſome vnholeſome diſh, or ſome groſſe corrupted aire that hath diſtempered thee. Ah, fooliſh Curre! why doeſt thou bite at the ſtone? which could neuer haue hurt thee, but from the hand that threw it. If I wound thee; what matters it, whether with myne owne ſword, or thine,

or thine, or anothers? God ſtrikes ſom, immediately from heauen, with his owne arme, or with the arm of Angels: Others he buffets, with their owne hands: ſome, by the reuenging ſword of an enemie: others, with the fiſt of his dumb creatures. God ſtrikes, in all: His hand moues theirs. If thou ſee it not, blame thy carnall eyes. Why doeſt thou fault the inſtrument, while thou knoweſt the agent? Euen the dying theefe pardons the executioner, exclaimes on his

vniuſt Iudge, or his malicious accuſers. Either then blame the firſt mouer, or diſcharge the meanes. Which, as they could not haue touched thee, but as from him: ſo, from him they haue afflicted thee iuſtly; wrongfully perhaps, as in themſelues.

Sect. 13.

The third antidote of Croſſes

BVT, neither ſeemeth it enough, to be patient in croſſes, if we be not thākfull alſo. Good things

challenge more than bare contentmēt. Crosſes (vniuſtly teared euills) as they are ſent of him, that is all goodnes: ſo they are ſent for good; and his end cannot bee fruſtrate. What greater good can be to the diſeaſed man, than fit & proper Phyſicke to recure him? Croſſes are the onely medicines of ſicke mindes. Thy ſounde Body carryes, within it, a ſicke Soule: thou feeleſt it not perhaps. So much more art thou ſicke, and ſo much more daungerouſly. Perhaps, thou

laboureſt of ſome plethorie of Pride, or of ſome dropſie of Couetouſneſſe, or the Staggers of Inconſtancie, or ſome feauer of Luxurie, or conſumption of Enuye, or perhaps of the lethargie of Idleneſſe, or of the phrenſie of Anger: (It is a rare ſoule that hath not ſome notable diſeaſe.) Onely Croſſes are thy Remedies: What, if they bee vnpleaſant? They are Phyſicke. It is enough, if they bee wholſome. Not pleaſant taſte, but the ſecret vertue,

commends medicines. If they cure thee, they ſhall pleaſe thee, euen in diſpleaſing: or elſe thou loueſt thy palate, aboue thy Soule. What madneſs is this? when thou complaineſt of a bodily diſeaſe, thou ſendeſt to the Phyſician, that hee may ſende thee not ſauourie but wholeſome Potions: Thou receiueſt them, in ſpight of thine abhorring ſtomacke; and, withall, both thankeſt and rewardeſt the Phyſician: Thy ſoule is ſicke; Thy heauenly Phyſici-

an ſees it, and pitties thee, ere thou thy ſelfe; and, vnſent-to, ſendes thee not a plauſible but a ſouereigne remedie: thou loatheſt the ſauor, and rather wilt hazard thy life, than offende thy palate; and, in ſtead of thankes, repineſt at, reuileſt the Phyſician. How comes it, that wee loue our ſelues ſo little (if, at leaſt, we count our ſoules the beſt or any part) as that wee had rather vndergoe death, than paine; chooſing rather wilfull ſicknes, than an

harſh remedy? Surely, we men are meere fooles, in the eſtimation of our owne good: like children, our choiſe is led altogether by ſhowe; no whit, by ſubſtance. We crie after euery well-ſeeming toy: and put from vs ſolide profers of good things. The wiſe arbitrator of all things, ſees our folly, and corrects it; withholding our idle deſires, and forcing vpon vs the ſound good wee refuſe: It is ſecond folly in vs, if wee thanke him not. The fooliſh babe cries for his fathers

bright knife, or gilded pills. The wiſer father knowes, that they canne but hurt him; and therefore withholdes them after all his tears: the childe thinkes, he is vſed but vnkindely. Euerie wiſe man, and himſelfe at more yeares, can ſay it was but childiſh folly, in deſiring it, in complaining that hee miſſed it. The loſſe of wealth, friends, health, is ſometimes gaine to vs. Thy body, thy eſtate, is worſe; thy ſoule is better: why complaineſt thou?

Sect.

Sect. 14.

The 4 and last part, from their issue.

NAy, it shal not bee enough (me thinks) if onely wee be but contented & thankfull, if not also cheerfull, in afflictions; if that, as wee feele their paine, so we looke to their end: although indeed this is not more requisite, than rarely found; as being proper one'y to the good hart. Euery bird can sing in a cleare heauen, in a temperate spring: that one, as most familiar, so

is moſt commẽded, that ſings merry notes in the midſt of a ſhowr, or the dead of winter. Euery Epicure canne enlarge his heart to mirth, in the midſt of his cups, and daliance: Onely the three children can ſing in the furnace, *Paul* and *Silas* in the ſtocks, Martyrs at the ſtake. It is from heauen, that this ioy comes, ſo contrary to al earthly occaſions; bred in the faithfull heart, through a ſerious & feeling reſpect to the iſſue of what he feels; the quiet and vntroubled fruit of his righ-

teouſneſſe,

teousnesse, glorie, the crowne after his fight, after his minute of paine eternitie of ioy. Hee neuer lookt ouer the threshold of heauen, that cannot more reioyce that he shall be glorious, than mourne in present that hee is miserable.

Sect. 15.

Of the importunitie and terrour of Death.

YEa, this consideration is so powerfull, that it alone is able to make a part, against the feare or sense of the last and greatest

of

of all Terribles, Death it ſelfe: which (in the Conſcience of his owne dreadfulneſſe) iuſtly laughs at all the vaine humane precepts of Tranquillitie; appalling the moſt reſolute, and vexing the moſt cheere-full Mindes. Neither profane *Lucretius* (with all his Epicurean rules of Cõfidence) nor drunken *Anacreon* (with all his wanton Odes) can ſhift off the importunate, and violent horror of this aduerſarie. Seeſt thou the Chaldean Tyraunt, beſet with the ſacred

boawles of *Ieruſalem*, the late ſpoiles of Gods Temple? and (in contempt of their owner) carouſing healths to his Queenes, Concubines, Peeres? ſinging, amids his cups, triumphant carols of praiſe to his molten and carued Gods? Wouldeſt thou euer ſuſpect, that this hie courage could bee abated? or, that this ſumptuous and preſumptuous banquet (after ſo royall and iocond continuance) ſhould haue any other concluſion, but pleaſure? Stay but one houre lon-

ger, and thou ſhalt ſee that face, that now ſhines with a ruddy gloſſe (according to the colour of his liquor) looke pale and gaſtly, ſtayned with the colours of feare and death; and that proud hand, which now lifts vp his maſſie Goblets in defiance of God, tremble like a leafe in a Storm; and thoſe ſtrong knees, which neuer ſtooped to the burden of their laden bodie, now not able to beare vppe themſelues: but, looſened with a ſudden palſie of

feare,

feare, one knocking a-gainſt the other. And all this, for that Death writes him a Letter of ſummons, to appeare that night before him; and, accordingly, ere the next Sun, ſent two *Eunuches* for his honourable cõueyance into an other world. Where now are thoſe delicate morſells, thoſe deepe draughts, thoſe merry ditties, wherwith the palate and eare ſo pleaſed themſelues? What is now becomeof all thoſe chearefull looks, looſe laughters, ſtately port, reuells, triumphes

of the feasting Court? Why doth none of his gallant Nobles reuiue the fainted courage of their Lord with a new cuppe? or, with some stirring iest, shake him out of this vnseasonable Melancholie? O death! how imperious art thou, to carnall mindes? aggrauating their miserie, not onely by Expectation of future payne, but by the Remembraunce of the wonted causes of their ioy; and not suffering them to see ought, but what may torment them.

Euen that monſter of *Ceſars*, that had beene ſo well acquainted with blood, and neuer had found better ſport than in cutting of throats; when now it came to his owne turne, how effeminate, how deſperatly cowardous did hee ſhowe himſelfe! to the wonder of all Readers; that he, which was euer ſo valiant in killing, ſhould bee ſo womaniſhly hartleſſe in dying.

Sect. 16.

THere are, that fear not so much to be dead, as to dye; the very act of dissolution frighting them with a tormenting expectation of a short, but intolerable painfulnes. Which let, if the wisedome of God had not interposed to timerous nature, there would haue beene many more *Lucreces*, *Cleopatraes*, *Achitophels*; and good lawes should haue found little opportunitie of exe-

The grounds of the feare of death.

cution,

cution, through the wilfull funeralls of malefactors. For, the ſoule, that comes into the body without any (at leaſt ſenſible) pleaſure, departs not frō it without an extreamitie of paine: which, varying according to the manner and meanes of ſeparatiō, yet in all violent deathes eſpecially, retaineth a violence not to be auoyded, hard to bee indured. And it Diſeaſes (which are deſtin'd towardes Death, as their end) be ſo painefull; what muſt the end & perfection of Di-

ſeaſes be? ſince, as Diſeaſes are the maladies of the bodie; ſo Death is the maladie of Diſeaſes. There are, that feare not ſo much to die, as to be dead. If ỹ pang be bitter, yet it is but ſhort: the comfortleſs ſtate of the dead, ſtrikes ſome that could wel reſolue for the act of their paſſage. Not the worſt of the heathen Emperours, made that moanefull dittie on his death-bed, wherin he bewrayeth (to all memory) much feeling pittie of his ſoule, for her doubtfull and impotent con-

dition

dition after hir parture? How doth *Platos* worldling bewaile the miserie of the graue, besides all respect of paine! *Wo is me, that I shall lie alone, rotting in the silent earth, amongst the crawling wormes; not seeing ought aboue, not seene.* Verie not-being is sufficiently abhorred of Nature, if death had no more to make it fearefull: But, those that haue liued vnder light enough, to showe them the gates of hell, after their passage through the gates of death (and

Ὠ'ποι. ποτε κεῖσομα, &c.

haue

haue learned, that death is not onely horrible for our not being here, but for being infinitely, eternally miserable in a future world; nor so much for the dissolution of life, as the beginning of torment) those cannot without the certaine hope of their immunitie, but carnally feare to die, and hellishly feat to be dead. For, if it be such paine to dye; what is it, to be euer dying? and if the strayning or luxation of one ioynt, can so afflict vs; what shall the racking of the whole body,

and the torturing of the ſoule? whoſe animation, alone, makes the body to feele and complaine of ſmarte. And, if men haue deuiſed ſuch exquiſite torments; what can ſpirits, more ſubtile, more malitious? And, if our momentanie ſufferings ſeeme long; how long ſhall that be, that is eternall? And, if the ſorrowes, indifferently incident to Gods deare ones vpon earth, bee ſo extreame as ſometimes to driue them within ſight of deſpairing; what ſhall thoſe bee, that are re-

ſerued only for thoſe that hate him, and that hee hateth? None, but thoſe who haue heard the deſperate complaintes of ſome guiltie *Spira*, or whoſe ſoules haue been a little ſcorched with theſe flames, can enough conceiue of the horror of this eſtate; it beeing the policie of our common enemy to conceal it ſo long, that we may ſee & feel it at once: leaſt wee ſhould feare it, before it be too late to bee auoided.

Sect. 17.

Remedie of the laſt & greateſt breach of Peace, ariſing from Death.

NOw, when this great aduerſary, like a proude Giant, comes ſtalking out in his feareful ſhape, and inſults ouer our frail mortalitie, daring the World to match him with an equall champion; whiles a whole hoaſte of worldlinges ſhowe him their backs for feare, the true Chriſtian (armed onely with confidence) and reſolution of his future happineſs) dares boldly

encoun-

encounter him, and can wound him in the forehead (the wonted ſeate of terror) and trampling vppon him canne cut-off his head with his owne ſworde; and, victoriouſly returning, can ſing in Triumph, *Oh death where is thy ſting?* An happie victorie! wee die, and are not foiled: yea, wee are conquerors in dying: we could not ouercome death, if wee died not. That diſſolution is well beſtowed, that parts the ſoule frō the body, that it may vnite both to god.

All our life here (as that heauenly Doctor well tearmes it) *is but a vitall death.* How aduantageous is that death, that determines this falſe and dying life, and beginnes a true one, aboue all the titles of happineſſe! The Epicure, or Saducee, dare not dye, for feare of not being. The guiltie and looſe worldling dare not dye, for feare of being miſerable. The diſtruſtfull and doubting ſemi-chriſtian dare not dye, becauſe hee knowes not, whether hee ſhall bee, or bee

Auguſtine.

miſe-

miſerable, or not bee at all: The reſolued Chriſtian dare and would dye, becauſe he knowes hee ſhall bee happie; and, looking merrily towards heauen (the place of his reſt) can vnfainedly ſay, I deſire to bee diſſolued: I ſee thee my home, I ſee thee. (A ſweete and glorious home, after a weary pilgrimage): I ſee thee; and now, after many lingring hopes, I aſpire to thee: How oft haue I looked-vp at thee, with admiration, and rauiſhment of

ſoule! and, by the goodly beames that I haue ſeene, gheſſed at the glorye that is aboue them! Howe oft haue I ſcorned theſe dead and vnpleaſant pleaſures of earth, in compariſon of thine! I come now, my Ioyes, I come to poſſeſſe you: I come, through paine and death; Yea, if Hell it ſelfe were in the way betwixt you & me, I would paſſe through Hell it ſelfe, to enioy you. And (in truth) if that Heathen *Cleombrotus* (a follower of the ancient *Academie*) but vppon

Tul. Tuſcul. Callimach. Epigram.

only

only reading of his Maſter *Platoes* diſcourſes of the Immortalitie of the Soule, could caſt down himſelfe headlong from an hie Rocke, and wilfully breake his necke, that hee might bee poſſeſſed of that *Immortalitie* which he beleeued to followe vpon Death; how contented ſhoulde they be to die, that know they ſhall be (more then *immortall*) glorious? He went, not in an hate of the fleſh, as the *Patrician* hereticks of olde; but in a blind loue to his ſoule, out of bare opinion:

Auguſt. de Hæreſ.

Wee, vppon an holy loue, grounded vpon assured knowledge. He, vpon an opinion of future life; wee, on knowledge of future glory. Hee went, vnsent for; wee, called-for, by our Maker. Why should his courage exceede ours? since our ground, our estate so farre exceedes his. Euen this Age, within the reach of our memorie, bred that peremptorie Italian, which in imitation of the old Romane courage (lest, in that degenerated nation, there

should

ſhould bee no ſtep left of the qualities of their Anceſtours) entring vpon his torment for killing a Tyrant, cheared himſelf with this confidence; My death is ſharpe: my fame ſhall bee euerlaſting. The voyce of a Romane; not of a Chriſtian. My fame ſhall bee eternall: an idle comfort. My fame ſhall liue; not my ſoule liue to ſee it: What ſhall it auaile thee to be talkt of, while thou art not? Then fame onely is pretious when a man liues to enioy it: The fame,

Mors acerba, Fama perpetua.

that ſuruiues the ſoule, is bootleſs. Yet, euen this hope cheated him againſt the violence of his death: what ſhould it doe vs, that (not our fame, but) our life, our glory after death, cannot die? He, that hath *Stephens* eys to look into heauen, cannot but haue the tongue of the Saintes, *Come Lord: How long?* That man, ſeeing the glory of the end, cannot but contemne the hardneſs of the way: But, who wants thoſe eyes, if He ſay and ſweare, that hee feares not death; beleeue

him

him not: If hee proteſt his *Tranquillitie*, and yet feare death; beleeue him not: Beleeue him not, if he ſay he is not miſerable.

Sect. 18.

THeſe are Enemies on the left hande. There want not ſome, on the right: which, with leſs profeſſion of hoſtilitie, hurt no leſs; Not ſo eaſily perceiued, becauſe they diſtemper the minde, not without ſome kinde of pleaſure.

The ſecond rāke of the enemies of Peace.

Sur-

Surfeite kills more than famine. These are the *ouer-desiring* and *ouer-ioying* of these earthly things. *All immoderations are enemies, as to health so to peace. Hee, that desires, wants as much, as he that hath nothing. The drunken man is as thirstie, as the sweating traueller.* Hence are the studies, cares, feares, iealousies, hopes, griefes, enuies, wishes, platforms of atchieuing, alteratiõs of purposes, and a thousand like: whereof each one is inough to make the life troublesome.

Hippocr. Aphoris.

One

One is ſicke of his neighbour fielde, whoſe miſſhapen angles disfigure his, and hinder his Lordſhip of entireneſſe: what he hath, is not regarded; for the want of what he cannot haue. Another feeds on cruſts, to purchace what hee muſt leaue (perhaps) to a foole, or (which is not much better) to a prodigall heyr. Another, in the extreamitie of couetous folly, chooſes to die an vnpitied death; hanging himſelfe, for the fall of the market: while the Commons laugh at

that loſſe, and in their ſpeaches epitaphe vpon him, as on the Pope; *Hee liued as a Wolfe, and dyed as a dog.* One cares not what attendance hee daunces at all houres, on whoſe ſtairs he ſits, what vices hee ſooths, what deformities he imitates, what ſeruile offices hee dooth, in an hope to riſe. Another ſtomackes the couered head, and ſtiffe knee, of his inferiour; angry, that other men think him not ſo good, as hee thinkes himſelfe. Another eates his owne heart, with enuie at the

richer

richer furniture, and better eſtate, or more honor of his neighbour; thinking his owne not good, becauſe another hath better. Another vexeth himſelfe with a word of diſgrace, paſt from the mouth of an enemie: which hee neyther can digeſt, nor caſt-vp; reſolving, becauſe another will bee his enemie, to be his owne. Theſe humours are as manifolde, as there are men that ſeeme proſperous. For the auoiding of al which ridiculous & yet ſpightfull inconueniences, the

The firſt remedie of an ouer-proſperous eſtate.

The vanity and vnprofitablenesse of riches;

minde

the first enemy on the right hand.

Minde must be settled in a perswasion of ỹ worthlesnes of these outward things. Let it knowe, that these riches haue made mãny prouder, none better; That, as neuer man was, so neuer wise man thoght himself better for inioying them. Woulde that wise Philosopher haue cast his golde into the Sea, if he had not knowen hee should liue more happilie without it? If hee knewe not the vse of riches, hee was no wise man: if he knew not the best way to quietnes, he

Socrates.

A proofe, that with *Christians* deserues no credit; but with heathens cõmaunds it.

was

was no Philoſopher: Now, euen by the voice of their oracle, hee was confeſſed to be both; yet caſt away his gold, that hee might bee happie. Woulde that wiſe Prophet haue praied aſwell againſt riches, as pouertie? Woulde ſo manie great men (whereof our litle Iland hath yielded 9. crowned kings, while it was held of olde by the *Saxons*) after they had cõtinued their life in the Throne, haue ended it in the Cel, & changed their ſcepter for a book: if they could haue foũd as much

felici-

felicitie in the hyeſt eſtate, as ſecuritie in the loweſt? I heare *Peter* and *Iohn* (the eldeſt and deereſt Apoſtles) ſay, Golde and ſiluer haue I none: I heare the Diuell ſay, All theſe will I giue thee; and they are mine, to giue. Whether ſhall I deſire to bee in the ſtate of theſe ſaints, or that Diuell? Hee was therefore a better husband, than a philoſopher, that firſt tearmed riches *Goods:* and hee mended the title well, that (adding a fit epithete) called them

Goods

Goods of *Fortune*; Falſe goods, aſcribed to a falſe Patron. There is no Fortune, to giue or guide riches: there is no true goodnes in riches, to be guided. His meaning then was (as I can interpret it) to teach vs, in this title; that *It is a chance, if euer riches were good to any*. In ſumme, who would account thoſe as riches, or thoſe riches as goods, which hurt the owner, diſquiet others? which the worſt haue; which the beſt haue not: which thoſe, that haue not, want not:

which

which those want, that haue them: which are lost in a night; and a man is not worse, when hee hath lost them. It is true of them, that wee say of fire and water; *They are good Seruants, ill Masters.* Make them thy *Slaues*; they shall bee goods indeed: in vse, if not in nature; good to thy selfe, good to others by thee: but, if they be thy *Masters*, thou hast condemned thy selfe to thine owne *Gallies. If a Seruant rule, he proues a Tyrant.* What madnesse is this? thou hast made thy selfe, at

once,

once, a ſlaue and a foole. What if thy chaines be of golde? or if, with *Heliogabalus*, thou haſt made thee ſilken halters? Thy Seruitude may be more glorious: it is no leſs miſerable.

Sect. 19.

HOnour, perhaps is yet better; ſuch is the confuſed opinion of thoſe that knowe little: but, a diſtinct & curious head ſhal finde an hard taske, to define in what point

The ſecõd enemie on the right hand, Honor.

the

the goodneſſe thereof conſiſteth. Is it in hye deſcent of blood? I wold thinke ſo, if Nature were tyed, by any law, to produce children like qualified to their parents: But, although in the brute creatures ſhee bee euer thus regular, that yee ſhall neuer finde a yong pigeon hatched in an eagles neaſt; neither can I thinke that true (or if true, it was monſtrous) that *Nicippus* his ſheepe ſhould yeane a Lyon: yet, in the beſt creature (which hath his forme, and her attending qua-

lities,

lities, from aboue) with a likenes of face and features, is commonly founde an vnlikenes of disposition: Onely the earthly part followes ỹ seede; wisedome, valour, vertue are of another beginning. Shall I bow to a molten calfe, becauſe it was made of golden earings? Shall I condemn all Honor of the firſt head (tho vpon neuer ſo noble deſeruing) becauſe it can ſhew nothing, before it ſelfe, but a white ſhielde? If *Cæſar*, or *Agathocles*, be a Potters ſonne, ſhall

Olimpia. Diog. Laert.

I contemne him? Or if wise *Bion* be the sonne of an infamous Curtizan, shal the censorious Lawyer race him off the Catalogue, with *Partus sequitur ventrē?* Lastly, shal I accoūt that good, which is incident to the worst? Either therfore *Greatnes* must showe som charter, wherin it is priuiledged with succession of vertue; or else the goodnes of Honor cannot consist in blood. Is it then in the admiration & hie opinion that others haue conceiued of thee; which drawes al dutiful respect,

and

and humble offices from them, to thee? O fickle good, that is euer in the keeping of others! especially of the vnstable vulgar, that beast of many heads: whose diuided tongues, as they neuer agree with each other; so seldom (whē euer) agree long with thēselues. Do we not see the superstitious *Listrians*, that erewhile would make *Paul* a God, against his wil; & in deuout zeal drew crowned buls to the altars of their new *Iupiter* & *Mercury*? violence can scarce hold them frō sacrificing

to him: now, not manie houres after, gather vp ſtones againſt him; hauing in their cõceits turned him, frõ a God, into a Malefactor; & are ready to kill him in ſtead of killing a ſacrifice to him. Such is the Multitude; & ſuch, the ſteadineſſe of their Honour. There then onely is true Honour, where blood and vertue meete together: the *greatneſſe* wherof is from blood; the *goodneſſe*, from vertue. Reioyce, ye great men, that your bloud is ennobled with the vertues and de-

sertes of your Auncestors. This only is yours: this only challengeth all vnfained respect of your Inferiours. *Count it praise-worthy, not that you haue, but that you deserue honour.* Blood may be tainted: the opinion of the vulgar cānot be constant: only vertue is euer like it selfe, & only wins reuerence, euen of those that hate it. Without which *greatnes* is as a beacon of vice, to draw mens eyes the more to behold it: and those that see it, dare loath it; tho they dare not censure it.

So, while the knee bendeth, ỹ minde abhorreth; and telleth the body, it honors an vnworthy subiect: within it self, secretly comparing that vicious great man (on whom his submisse curtesie is cast-away) to som goodly faire-bound *Senecaes* Tragedies, that is curiously gilded without: which if a man open, he shall finde *Thyestes* the toomb of his own children; or *Oedipus* the husband of his own mother; or some such monstrous part: which he (at once) reades, and hates.

Sect. 20.

LET him thinke, that not onely these outwarde things are not in themselues good; but, that they expose their owners to miserie. For, besides that God vsually punisheth our ouer-louing them, with their losse (because he thinks them vnworthy riuals to himselfe, who challengeth all height of loue, as his onely right) so that the way to lose, is to loue much; the largnes more-

The second remedie of ouer-ioyed prosperitie.

ouer either of affection, or estate, makes an open way to ruine. While a man walkes on plaine ground, hee falls not; or, if he fall, hee doth but measure his length on the ground, and rise againe without harm: but he, that climbeth hie, is in danger of falling; and, if he fall, of killing. All the sailes, hoised, giue vantage to a tempest; which (through the mariners foresight, giuing timely roome thereto) by their fall, deliuer the vessell from the danger of that gust, whose rage

now passeth-ouer with onely beating her with waues, for anger that he was preuented: So, the the larger our estate is, the fairer marke hath Mischiefe giuen to hit; and(which is worse,that which makes vs so easie to hit,makes our wound more deepe & grieuous. If poor *Codrus* his house burne,he stands-by, and warmes him with the flame:because heknowes it is but the losse of an outside;which(by gathering some few stickes, straw, & clay) may with little labour,and no cost,

be repaired: But, when ý many lofts of the rich man doe one giue fire to another; he cries-out, one while of his counting houſe, another while of his ward-robe, then of ſom noted cheſt, and ſtraight of ſome rich Cabinet: and, lamenting both the frame and the furniture, is therefore impatient becauſe hee had ſomething.

Sect. 21.

The vanity of Pleaſure; the third enemy on the right hand.

But, if there bee any Sorcereſs vpon earth, it is Pleaſure: which ſo inchanteth the mindes of

men,

men, and worketh ỹ disturbance of our Peace, with such secret delight; that foolish men thinke this want of *Tranquillitie*, Happinesse. She turneth men into swine, with such sweet charms; that they would not change their brutish nature, for their former reason. It is a good vnquietnesse (say they) that contenteth: It is a good enemie, that profiteth. Is it any wonder, that men should be sottish, whē their reason is mastred with sensuality? Thou fool, thy pleasure contents thee:

How

How much? How long? If ſhee haue not more befriended thee, than euer ſhee did any earthly fauorite: yea, if ſhee haue not giuen thee more, than ſhe hath her ſelfe; thy beſt delight hath had ſome mixture of diſcontentment. For, either ſom circumſtance croſſeth thy deſire, or the inward diſtaſte of thy cõſciẽce (checking thy appetite) permits thee not any entire fruition of thy ioy. Euen the ſweeteſt of all flowers hath his thorns: and, who can determine whether the

ſent be more delectable, or the pricks more yrkſome? It is inough for Heauē, to haue abſolute plea'ures: which, if they could be found here below: certainly that Heauen, which is now not inough deſired, would then bee feared. God will haue our pleaſures here (according to the faſhion of our ſelues) compounded; ſo as the beſt delights may ſtill ſauour of their earth. See, how that great King, which neuer had any match for wiſdō, ſcarce euer any ſuperiour for

wealth,

wealth, trauerſed ouer all this inferiour world, with diligent inquiry, & obſeruation: and all, to finde-out that goodnes of the children of men which they enioy vnder the Sunne; abbridging himſelf of nothing, that either his eyes, or his hart cold ſuggeſt to him: (as what is it, that he cold not either knowe or purchaſe?) and now comming home to himſelfe (after the diſquiſition of all naturall and humane things) complaines, that *Behold all is* not only *vanitie*, but *vexation*. Ge

then, thou wiſe ſcholler of experience; & make a more accurat ſearch, for that which he ſought, & miſſed. Perhaps, ſomewher (betwixt the talleſt Cedar in Lebanon, & the ſhrubby Hyſſop on the wall) Pleaſure ſhrouded her ſelfe, that ſhe could not be deſcried of him; whether through ignorance, or negligence: Thine inſight may bee more pearcing, thy means more cómodious thy ſucceſſe happier. If it were poſſible, for any man to intertaine ſuch hopes, his vain experiéce

could

could not make him a greater foole: it could but teach him what hee is, and knoweth not. And yet, so imperfect as our pleasures are, they haue their satietie: and, as their *Continuance* is not good; so their *Conclusion* is worse. Looke to their end: and see, how suddaine, how bitter it is. Their only *Curtesie* is, to salute vs with a *Farewell*; and such a one, as makes their salutation vncomfortable. This *Dalila* showes and speaks faire: but, in the ende shee will bereaue thee of thy

strength,

ſtrength, of thy ſight, yea of thy ſelfe. Theſe gnats flie about thine eares, & make thee muſicke, awhile but euermore they ſting, ere they part. Sorrow, and *Repentance*, is the beſt end of *Pleaſure: Paine* is yet worſe; but, the worſt is *Deſpaire*. If thou miſſe of the firſt of theſe, one of the later ſhall finde thee; perhaps, both. *How much better is it for thee, to want a little honey; thē to be ſwolne vp with a venimous ſting?*

Thus then, the minde reſolued, that theſe earthly thinges (*Honours.*

Wealth,

Wealth, Pleasures) are casuall, vnstable, deceitfull, imperfect, daungerous; must learne to vse them without trust, and to want them without griefe: thinking still; If I haue them, I haue som benefitte with a great charge: If I haue them not; with little respect of others, I haue much securitie and ease, in my selfe: which once obtained, wee cannot fare amisse in either estate; &, without which, we cannot but miscary in both.

Sect. 22.

ALL the enemies of our inwarde Peace, are thus descried & discomfited. Which done, wee haue enough to preserue vs from miserie: but (since wee more-ouer seeke how to liue well and happily) there yet remaine those *Positiue rules*, whereby our *Tranquillitie* may bee both had, continued and confirmed. Wherein, I feare not lest I should seeme ouer-diuine, in

Positiue Rules of our Peace.

casting

casting the Anchor of Quietnes so deep as Heauen (the only seat of constancie); whiles it can finde no holde at all, vpon Earth. *All earthly things are full of variablenes:* and therefore, hauing no stay in themselues, can giue none to vs. He, that will haue & hold right *Tranquillitie*, must finde in himselfe a sweet fruition of God, & a feeling apprehensiō of his presence; that, whē he findes manifolde occasions of vexation in these earthly things, hee (ouer-looking them all,

and hauing recourſe to his Comforter) may finde in him ſuch matter of contentment, that hee may paſſe-ouer all theſe pettie grieuances, with Contempt: which whoſoeuer wants, may be ſecure, cannot be quiet. The minde of man cannot want ſome refuge, and (as wee ſay of the Elephant) cannot reſt, vnleſſe it haue ſomthing to leane vppon. The *couetous man* (whoſe heauen is his cheſt) when hee heares himſelfe rated & curſed for oppreſſion, coms hom-

and,

and, seeing his bags safe, applauds himself against all censures. The *Glutton*, when hee loseth friends or good name; yet ioyeth in his full-furnisht table, & the laughter of his wine: more pleasing himselfe in some one dish, than hee can be greeued with all the worlds mis-cariage. The *needie Scholler* (whose wealth lies all in his brain) cheares himselfe against iniquitie of times, with the conceit of his knowledge. These starting holes the minde cannot want,

when

when it is hard driuen. Now, when as, like to ſome chaſed *Siſera*, it ſhrowdes it ſelfe vnder the harbour of theſe *Iaels*; altho they giue it houſe-roome, and milke for a time, yet at laſt either they entertaine it with a nail in the temples, or (being guiltie to their own impotencie) ſend it out of themſelues, for ſafetie and peace. For, if the Croſſe light in that, which it made his refuge (as, if the couetous man be croſſed in his riches) what earthly thing can ſtay him

from

from a desperate phrensie? Or, if the Crosse fall in a degree aboue the height of his staie; as, if the rich man be sicke or dying (wherin, al wealth is either contemned, or remēbred with angoish) how do all his comforts (like vermine, from an house on fire) runne away from him, and leaue him ouer to his ruine! whiles the Soule, that hath placed his refuge aboue, is sure that the ground of his comfort cannot be matched with an earthly sorrowe, cannot be made variable by

the

the change of any euent; but, is infinitely aboue al casualtyes, and without all vncertainties. What state is there, wherein this heauenly stay shall not afforde me, not only Peace, but Ioy? Am I in Prison? or in the Hell of prisons (in som darke, lowe, and desolate Dungeon)? Loe there, *Algerius* (that sweet Martyr) finds more light than aboue; and pitties the darknes of our libertie. Wee haue but a Sunne to enlighten our world, which euery cloud dimmeth, and hideth from

Ponton. Alger. Fox. Martyr.

out eies: but, the father of lights (in respect of whome, all the bright starres of heauen are but as the snuffe of a dimme candle) shines into his pit, & the presence of his glorious Angels makes that an Heauen to him, which ỹ world purposed as an Hell of discomfort. What *walles* can keepe out that infinite Spirit, that filles all things? What *darknesse* can be, where the God of this sunne dwelleth? what *sorrow* where hee comforteth? Am I wandering in banishment? Can I go

whither

whither GOD is not? what Sea can diuide betwixt him and me? Then would I feare exile, if I could be driuen away aswell from God, as my Country. Now he is as much in all earthes: His title is alike to all places; and mine in him: His Sun ſhines to mee; his Sea or Earth beares me vp; his preſence cheareth mee, whitherſoeuer I goe. *He cannot be ſaid to flitte, that neuer changeth his Hoſte.* He alone is a thouſand companions: he alone is a world of friends. That man

neuer knew what it was to be familiar with God, that complaines of the want of home, of friends, of companions; while God is with him. Am I contemned of the world? It is inough, for me, that I am honored of God: of both, I cannot. The world would loue me more, if I were leſſe friends with God. It cannot hate me ſo much, as God hates it. *What care I to bee hated of them, whom God hateth?* He is vnworthy of Gods *fauor*, that cannot think *it* happyneſſe enough, without

the worlds. How easie is it for such a man, whiles the world disgraces him, at once to scorne and pitty it, That it cannot thinke nothing more contemptible than it selfe? I am impouerished with losses: That was neuer throughly good, that may be lost. My riches will not leese mee: yea, tho I forgo al, to my skin, yet haue I not lost any part of my wealth. For, *If he bee rich that hath somthing; how rich is he, that hath the maker & owner of al things! I am weak & diseased in body: He cannot*

miscarry, that hath his Maker, for his Physician. Yet, my Soule (the better part) is sound; for, *That cannot be weake, whose strength God is.* How many are sicke in that, and complaine not! I can be content to be let blood in the arme or foot, for the curing of the head or heart. The health of the principall part is more ioy to mee, than it is trouble to be distempered in the inferiour. Let me knowe that *GOD fauours* me: then haue I *libertie* in Prison, *home* in Banish-

ment,

ment, *honor* in Contempt in Losses *wealth*, *health* in Infirmitie, *life* in Death; &, in all these, *happinesse*. And (surelie) if our perfect fruition of GOD bee our compleate heauen; it must needes bee, that our inchoate conuersing with him is our heauen imperfectly, and the entrance into the other: which (mee thinks) differs from this, not in the kinde of it, but in degree. For the continuation of which happy society (sith strangenesse leeseth acquain-

tance and breedeth neglect) on our parte muſt bee a dayly renuing of heauenly familiaritie; by ſeeking him vp, euen with the contempt of all inferiour diſtraction; by talking with him, in our ſecret inuocations; by hearing his conference with vs; and by mutuall intertainment of each other, in the ſweete diſcourſes of our dayly meditations. *Hee is a ſullen and vnſociable friende, that wants words.* God ſhal take no pleaſure in vs, if wee bee ſilent. *The*

heart,

heart, that is full of loue, cannot but haue a buſie tongue. All our talke, with god, is either Suites or Thankes. In them, the Chriſtian hart pours out it ſelfe to his maker; and would not change this priuiledge, for a world. All his annoyances, all his wants, all his diſlikes, are poured into the boſome of his inuiſible friend; who likes vs ſtill ſo much more, as we aske more, as wee complaine more. Oh the eaſie and happy recourſe, that the poore ſoule hath, to the hye

throne of heauen! Wee ſtay not for the holding out of a golden ſcepter, to warne our admiſſion; before which, our preſence ſhould be preſumption and death. No houre is vnſeaſonable, no perſon too baſe, no words too homely, no fact too hard, no importunitie too great. Wee ſpeake familiarly: wee are heard, anſwered, cõforted. Another while GOD interchangeably ſpeakes vntovs, by the ſecret voice of his Spirit, or by the audible ſound of his word: wee heare,

adore,

adore, aunſwere him. By both which, the minde ſo communicates it ſelfe to God, and hath God ſo plentifully communicated vnto it; that hereby it growes to ſuch an habite of heauenlineſſe, as that now it wants nothing, but diſſolution, of full Glorie.

Sect. 23.

OVT of this main ground, once ſettled in the heart (like as ſo many Riuers, from

The ſubordinate rules of Tranquillitie.

one

one common Sea) flowe those ſubordinate Reſolutions, which wee require as neceſſary to our Peace; whether *in reſpect of our actions, or our eſtate*. For our actions, there muſt bee a ſecret *Vow*, paſſed in the Soule, both of conſtant *Refraining* from whatſoeuer may offend that Maieſtie wee reſt vpon, and (aboue this) of true and Canonicall *Obedience* to God; without all care of difficultie, and in ſpight of all contradictions of Nature. Not out of the

1. For actions.

con-

confidence of our owne power: (Impotent men, who are wee, that wee ſhould either vow or performe?) But, as hee ſaide; *Giue what thou bidſt, and bid what thou wilt.* Hence, the courage of *Moſes* durſt venture his hand, to take vp the crawling and hiſſing Serpent. Hence, *Peter* durſt walke vpon the Pauement of the waues. Hence, that Heroicall ſpirit of *Luther* (a man made of metall, fit for ſo great a worke) durſt reſolue and profeſſe to enter into that fore-war-

ned Citie, tho there had beene as many diuells, in their ſtreetes, as tiles on their houſes. Both theſe vowes, as we once ſolemnly made, by others; ſo, for our Peace, muſt wee renew, in our ſelues. Thus the experienced minde, both knowing that it hath met with a good friend, and withall what the price of a friend is; cannot but be carefull to retaine him, and wary of diſpleaſing: and therefore (to cut-off all daungers of variance) voluntarily takes a dou-

ble oath of alleageance (of it ſelfe) to GOD: which neither *benefit* ſhall induce vs to break, if wee might gaine a world; not *feare* vrge vs thereto, tho wee muſt leeſe our ſelues. The wauering heart, that findes continuall combates in it ſelfe betwixt Pleaſure and Conſcience, ſo equally matched that neither gets the day, is not yet capable of Peace; and, whether euer ouercommeth, is troubled both with reſiſtance and victorie. Barren *Rebecca* found

more ease, than when her twins struggled in her wombe. If *Iacob* had beene there alone, shee had not complained of that painefull contention. One while Pleasure holdes the Fort, and Conscience assaults it: Which, when it hath entered (at last) by strong hand, after many batteries of iudgements denounced; ere long, Pleasure either corrupts the Watch, or by some cunning stratageme, findes way to recouer her first holde. So, one part is euer attempting, and

euer reſiſting. Betwixt both, the heart cannot haue Peace; becauſe it reſolues not. For, while the Soule is helde in ſuſpence, it cannot enioy the Pleaſure it vſeth; becauſe it is halfe taken vp with Feare. Onely, a ſtrong and reſolute repulſe of pleaſure, is truly pleaſant. For, therein, the Conſcience (filling vs with heauenly delight) maketh ſweet Triumphes in it ſelfe; as beeing nowe the Lorde of his owne dominions, and knowing vvhat to truſt-to.

No man knowes the pleasure of this thought, *I haue done well*, but hee that hath felt it: and hee that hath felt it, contemnes all pleasure to it. It is a false slander, raised on Christianitie, That it maketh men dūpish & melancholicke: for, therefore are wee heauy, because wee are not enough Christians. Wee haue religion enough, to mislike pleasures; not enough, to ouercome them: But, if we be once Conquerers ouer our selues, and haue deuoted our selues, who-

ly to God; there can bee nothing, but heauenly mirth, in the Soule. Loe, heere, ye Phylosophers, the true musicke of heauen; which the good hart continually heareth, and answeres it in the iust measures of ioy. Others may talke of mirth, as a thing they haue harde of or vainely fancied: Onely the Christian feeles it; and, in comparison ther-of, scorneth the idle, ribaldish, and scurrilous mirth of the profane.

Sect.

Sect. 24.

2. Rule for our Actions.

AND this Resolution, which wee call for, must not only exclude manifestly euill actions; but also *Doubting* and suspension of minde, in actions suspected, and questionable: wherein, the iudgement must euer giue confident determination, one way. For, this Tranquillitie consisteth in a steadinesse of the minde: and how

can

can that veſſell which is beaten vppon, by contrary waues and windes (and tottereth to either part) bee ſaid to keepe a ſteadie courſe? *Reſolution is the onely mother of Securitie.* For inſtance; I ſee, that *Vſurie*, which was wont to be condemned for no better then a *Legall theft*, hath now obtained (with many) the reputation of an *honeſt trade*; and is both vſed by many, and by ſome defended. It is pittie that a bad practice ſhould finde any learned

or religious Patron. The ſumme of my patrimonie lieth dead by mee, ſealed vp in the bagge of my father: my thriftier friendes aduiſe me to this eaſie and ſure improuement. Their counſell and my gaine preuaile; my yearely ſummes come-in with no coſt, but of time, wax, parchment. My eſtate likes it well: better then my Conſcience: which tels mee ſtill, hee doubts *My trade is too eaſie to be honeſt:* Yet I continue my illiberall courſe, not without ſome ſcruple

and

and contradiction: ſo as my feare of offence, hinders the ioy of my profit; and the pleaſure of my gaine, hartens mee againſt the feare of iniuſtice. I would bee rich, with eaſe: & yet I would not be vncharitable, I would not bee vniuſt. Al the while, I liue in vnquiet doubts, and diſtraction. Others are not ſo much entangled in my bonds, as I in my owne. At laſt (that I may bee both iuſt and quiet) I conclude to referre this caſe wholly to the ſentence of my inward

Iudge, the *Conſcience*. The Aduocates, *Gaine* and *Iuſtice*, pleade on either part, at this Barre, with doubtfull ſucceſſe. *Gaine* informes ỹ Iudge of a new & nice diſtinction, of *toothleſſe*, and *biting Intereſt*; and brings preſidents of particular caſes of Vſurie, ſo farre from anie breach of Charity or Iuſtice, that *both parts (therein) confeſſe themſelues aduantaged: Iuſtice* pleads, euen *the moſt toothleſſe Vſurie to haue ſharpe gummes*; and findes, in the moſt harmeleſſe and-

profitable practice of it, an insensible wrong to the common body; besides the infinite wracks of priuate estates. The weake Iudge suspends, in such probable allegations, and demurreth; as being ouercome of both, and of neither part: and leaues me yet no whit more quiet, no whit lesse vncertaine. I suspend my practice, accordingly; being sure, *It is good not to doe, what I am not sure is good to bee done:* & now *Gaine* solicites me, as much as Iustice did before. Betwixt

both, I liue troublesomly: Nor euer shall doe other, till (in a resolute detestation) I haue whipped this euill merchant out of the Temple of my heart. This rigour is my peace. Before, I coulde not be well, either full or fasting. Vncertaintie is much paine, euen in a more tolerable action. Neither is it (I thinke) easie to determine, whether it bee worse to doe a lawfull acte with *Doubting*, or an euill with *Resolution*; since *That, which in it selfe is good, is*

made

made euill to mee by my doubt: and *What is in nature euill, is in this one point not euill to me, that I doe it vpon the verdict of a Conſcience.* So now, *my Iudgement offends, in not following the truth: I offend not, in that I follow my Iudgement.* Wherein, if the moſt wiſe God had left vs to roue onely according to the aime of our owne coniectures; it ſhould haue beene leſſe faulty to bee *Sceptickes* in our actions; and either not to iudge at all, or to iudge amiſſe: but, now

that he hath giuen vs a perfite rule of eternall equitie, and truth, whereby to direct the sentences of our iudgement; *That vncertaintie, which alloweth no peace to vs, will afforde vs no excuse before the tribunall of heauen.* Wherfore, *Then only is the heart quiet, when our actions are grounded vpon Iudgement, and our Iudgement vpon truth.*

Sect.

Sect. 25.

Rules for eſtate. 1. Reliance vpon the prouidēce of God.

Or his eſtate, the quiet Mind muſt firſt roule it ſelfe vpon the prouidence of the Hyeſt. For, whoſoeuer ſo caſts himſelfe vpon theſe outward things, that in their proſperous eſtate hee reioyceth, and (contrarily) is caſt down in their miſcarriage; I knowe not, whether hee ſhal finde more *vncertainty of reſt*, or more *certainty of vnquietneſſe*; ſince hee muſt needes bee like vnto a light vnballaced Veſſel,

that riſes and falles with euery waue, and depends onely on the mercie of winde and water: But, who relies on the ineuitable decree, & all-ſeeing prouidence of God (which can neither be croſſed with ſecond thoughts, nor with euents vnlooked-for) laies a ſure ground of *Tranquillitie*. Let the world toſſe how it liſt, and varie it ſelfe (as it euer doth) in ſtorms and calmes; his Reſt is pitched aloft, aboue the ſphere of changeable mortalitie. *To begin, is*

har-

harder than to prosecute: What counsel had God, in the first moulding of thee, in the womb of thy mother? what ayde shall he haue, in repairing thee, fro n the womb of the eart ? and, if hee could make, and shall restore thee, without thee; why shall hee not much more (not without thy indeuour) dispose of thee? Is God wise enough, to guide the heauens, and to produce all creatures in their kindes and seasons? and shall he not be able to order thee alone?

Thou ſayeſt I haue friends: and (which is my beſt friende) I haue wealth, to make both them and mee; and wit, to put both to beſt vſe. O, the broken reedes of humane Confidence! who euer truſted on friendes, that could truſt to himſelfe? *Who euer was ſo wiſe, as not ſometimes to bee a foole in his owne conceit? oft times in the conceite of others?* Who was euer more diſcontent, than the wealthy? *Friendes* may bee falſe: *wealth* can not but be deceit-

full: *witte* hath made manie fooles. Truſt thou to that, which (if thou wouldeſt) cannot faile thee. *Not that thou deſireſt ſhal come to paſſe; but, that which GOD hath decreed.* Neither thy feares nor thy hopes, nor vowes ſhall either fore-ſlowe, or alter it. The vnexperienced paſſenger, when hee ſees the veſſell go amiſſe or too far, laies faſt hold on the contrarie part, or on the Maſt for remedie: the Pilot laughes at his folly; knowing, that

(what-euer he labours) ſy Barke will goe, which way the Winde and his Sterne directeth it. Thy goods are embarked: Now, thou wiſheſt a direct North-winde; to driue thee to the *Strayts*; and then a Weſt, to run-in: and now, when thou haſt emptied and laded againe, thou call'ſt as earneſtly for the South, and South-eaſt, to returne; and lowreſt, if all theſe anſwere thee not: As if heauen and earth had nothing elſe to doe, but to waite vppon thy plea-

ſure;

ſure; and ſerued one-ly, to bee commaunded ſeruice by thee. Another, that hath contrary occaſions, asks for windes quite oppoſite to thine. He, that ſits in heauen, neither fits thy fancie nor his: but bids his windes ſpet ſometimes in thy face; ſometimes, to fauor thee with a ſide blaſt; ſometimes, to bee boiſterous; other whiles, to be ſilent, at his own pleaſure. Whether the Mariner ſing or curſe, it ſhal goe whither it is ſent. Striue, or lye ſtill, thy Deſtinie ſhall

run-on; and, what must be, shall be: Not, that wee should hence exclude benefit of Meanes (which are alwaies necessarily included, in this wise preordination of all thinges) but, perplexity of cares, and wrestling with Prouidence. Oh, the idle and ill-spent cares of curious men, that consult with starres, and spirits, for their destinies, vnder colour of preuention! If it be not thy destiny; why wouldest thou knowe it, what needest thou resist it? If it bee thy

destinie;

deſtinie; why wouldeſt thou knowe that, thou canſt not preuent? *That, which God hath decreed, is already done in heauen; and muſt bee done on earth.* This kinde of exſpectation doth but haſten ſlowe euills, and prolong them in their continuance: haſten them, not in their euent, but in our cõceit. Shortly then, if thou ſwimmeſt againſt the ſtreame of this Prouidence, thou canſt not eſcape drowning; euerie waue turnes thee ouer, like a *Porkpiſce* before a

tem-

tempeſt: But, if thou ſwimſt with the ſtream, do but caſt thine armes abroade, thou paſſeſt with ſafety, and with eaſe: it both beares thee vp, and carries thee on to the hauen (whither GOD hath determined thine arriuall) in peace.

Sect. 26.

The ſecond rule for eſtate; A perſwaſion of the goodneſſe and fitnes of it for vs.

NExt to this, the minde of the quiet man muſt bee ſo wrought by theſe former Reſolutions, that it

be

be throughly perſwaded, The eſtate wherin he is, is beſt of all; if not in it ſelfe, yet to him: Not out of pride; but, out of contentment: Which who euer wanteth, cannot but bee continually vexed with enuie, and racked with ambition. Yea, if it were poſſible to bee in heauen without this, hee could not bee happie. For, *It is as impoſsible, for the minde at once to long after, and enioy, as for a man to feed and ſleepe at once.* And this is the more to be ſtriuen for,

be-

becauſe we are all natu-
rally prone to afflict our
ſelues with our owne
frowardnes; ingratefully
contemning al we haue,
for what we wold haue.
Euen the beſt of the Pa-
triarks could ſay, O Lord
what wilt thou giue me,
ſince I goe childeleſſe?
The bondman deſires,
now, nothing but liberty:
that alone would make
him happy. Once free
(forgetting his former
thought) he wiſhes ſome
wealth, to make vſe of
his freedome; & ſayes, it
were as good be ſtraited
in place, as in abilitie.

Once

Once rich, hee longeth after nobilitie; thinking it no praiſe, to be a wealthy peaſant. Once noble, hee beginnes to deeme it a baſe matter, to bee ſubiect: nothing canne now content him, but a Crown. Then it is a ſmal matter to rule, ſo long as hee hath but little dominions, and greater neighbours. He would therefore bee an vniuerſall Monarch: whither then? Surely, it vexeth him as much, that the earth is ſo ſmall a globe, ſo little a molehil; and that there are no

more

more Worlds to conquer. And, now that he hath attained the hyeſt dignitie among men, he would needs be a God, conceits his Immortalitie, ereƈts Temples to his owne Name, commaunds his deade Statues to bee adored; and (not thus contented) is angrie that hee cannot commaund Heauen, and controll Nature. O vaine fooles! whither doth our reſtleſſe ambition climbe? What ſhal be, at length, the period of our wiſhes? I coulde not blame

theſe deſires, if content-
ment conſiſted in hauing
much: but, now that *He*
onely hath much, that
hath contentment (and
that is as eaſily obtay-
ned in a lowe eſtate) I
canne account of theſe
thoughts, no better than
proudly fooliſh. Thou
art poore? What diffe-
rence is there betwixt
a greater man and thee?
ſaue that hee doth his
buſineſſes by others;
thou doeſt them thy
ſelfe. Hee hath *Caters*,
Cookes, *Baliues*, *Stew-*
ardes, *Secretaries*, and
all other Officers for

his

his seuerall seruices: thou prouidest, dressest, gatherest, receiuest, expendest, writest for thy selfe. His patrimonie is large; thine earnings small. If *Briareus* feede fiftie bellies, with his hundreth hands; what is he the better, than hee that with two hands feedeth one? Hee is serued in siluer: thou, in vessell of the same colour, of lesser price; as good for vse, tho not for value. His dishes are more daintie: thine as well relished to thee, and

no leſſe wholeſome. Hee eates oliues; thou garlicke: hee miſlikes not more the ſmell of thy ſauce, than thou doſt the taſte of his. Thou wanteſt ſomwhat that he hath: hee wiſheth ſomething which thou haſt, and regardſt not. Thou couldſt bee content to haue the rich mans purſe; but his gout thou wouldſt not haue. He would haue thy health; but not thy fare. If we might picke, out of al mēs eſtates, that which is laudable, omitting the inconueniences; we would make our ſelues

com-

compleat: but, if wee must take al together, we should perhaps little aduantage our selues with the change. For, the most wise God hath so proportion'd out euerie mans condition, that he hath some iust cause of sorrow inseparably mixed with other contentments: and hath allotted, to no man liuing, an absolute happinesse without some grieuances; nor, to any man, such an exquisite misery, as that he findeth not somewhat wherein to solace himselfe: the weight

whereof

whereof varies, according to our eſtimation of them. One hath much wealth; but no childe, to inherit it: he enuies at the poore mans fruitefulneſſe, which hath many heires, and no lands; and could bee content, with all his aboundance to purchaſe a ſucceſſour of his owne lynes. Another hath many children, little maintenance: hee commendeth the careleſs quietnes of the barren; and thinkes, fewer mouthes and more meate would do better. The laboring man hath

the bleſſing of a ſtrong body, fit to digeſt any fare, to indure any labor: yet, he wiſheth himſelfe weaker, on condicion he might bee wealthier. The man of nice education, hath a feeble ſtomach; and (raſping ſince his laſt meal) doubts, whether hee ſhould eate of his beſt diſh, or nothing: this man repines at nothing more, than to ſee his hungry plowman feed on a cruſt; and wiſheth to change eſtates, on condicion hee might change bodies with him. Say, that God

ſhould

ſhould giue thee thy wiſh: what wouldſt thou deſire? Let me (thou ſaieſt) be wiſe, healthfull, rich, honorable, ſtrong, learned, beautifull, immortall. I knowe, thou loueſt thy ſelfe ſo well, that thou canſt wiſh all theſe, and more: But, ſay that God hath ſo ſhared out all theſe gifts (by a moſt wiſe and iuſt diſtribution) that thou canſt haue but ſome of theſe, perhaps but one; which wouldſt thou ſingle out for thy ſelfe? Any thing, beſide what thou haſt: If learned, thou wouldſt

be ſtrong; if ſtrong, honorable; if honorable, long-liued: Som of theſe thou art already. Thou fool! cannot God chuſe better for thee, than thou for thy ſelfe? In other matches thou truſteſt the choyce of a skilfuller chapman: when thou ſeeſt a goodly horſe in the Fayre (tho his ſhape pleaſe thine eye well) yet thou dareſt not buy him, if a cunning horſe-maſter ſhall tell thee hee is faultie; and art willing to take a playner and ſounder, on his commendation, a-

gainſt

gainſt thy fancy : How much more ſhould we, in this caſe, allow his choiſe that cannot deceiue vs; that cannot be deceiued ? But, thou knoweſt that other thou deſireſt, to be better than what thou haſt: Better, perhaps, for him that hath it; not better for thee. Liberty is ſweete & profitable, to thoſe that can vſe it : But, fetters are better, for the franticke man. Wine is good nouriſhment, for the healthfull; poyſon, to the Aguiſh. It is good for a ſound b odie,

to ſleepe in a whole skin: but, hee that complaines of ſwelling ſores, cannot ſleepe, till it be broken. Hemlock to the goat, & ſpiders to the monky, turn to good ſuſtenance; which, to other creatures, are accounted deadly. As in diets, ſo in eſtimation of good and euil, of greater and leſſer good, there is much variety. Al palates commend not one diſh: and, what one commends for moſt dilicate, another reiects for vnſauory. And, if thou knowe what diſh is moſt pleaſant to thee, thy

Phyſician knowes beſt which is wholeſome. Thou wouldeſt follow thine Appetite too much; and (as the French haue in their Prouerb) wouldſt dig thy owne graue with thy teeth: thy wiſe phyſician ouer-ſees, and ouer-rules thee. He ſees, if thou wert more eſteemed, thou wouldſt bee proude; If more ſtrong, licentious; if richer, couetous; if healthfuller, more ſecure: But, thou thinkſt not thus hardly of thy ſelfe. Fond man! what knoweſt thou fu-

ture things? Belieue thou him, that onely knowes what would bee, what will bee. *Thou wouldſt willingly goe to heauen: what better guide canſt thou haue, than him that dwels there?* If hee lead thee, through deepe ſloughes, and brackie thickets; knowe, that he knowes this the neerer way, though more cumberſom. Can there be, in him, any want of wiſedome, not to fore-ſee the beſt? Can there be anie want of power, not to effect the beſt? any want of loue, not to giue thee

what

what he knowes is beſt? Howe canſt thou then faile of the beſt? ſince what his Power can doe, and what his Wiſedome ſees ſhould be done, his Loue hath done, becauſe all are infinite. *He willeth not things, becauſe they are good: but, they are good, becauſe hee wills them.* Yea, if ought had ~~not~~ been better, this had not been. GOD willeth what he doth: and, if thy will accord not with his, whether wilt thou condemne of imperfection?

Sect. vlt.

The Conclusion of the whole.

I Haue chalked-out the way of Peace: What remains, but that we walke along in it? I haue conducted my Reader to the Mine, yea to the mint of Happineſs; and ſhewed him thoſe glorious heapes, which may eternally enrich him. If (now) he ſhall go away with his hands and skirt empty; how is hee but worthy of a miſerable want? Who ſhal pit-

ty vs, while wee haue no mercy on our ſelues? wilfull diſtreſſe hath neither remedie, nor compaſſion. And, to ſpeake freely, I haue oft wondred at this painefull folly of vs men, who in the open view of our peace (as if we were condemned to a neceſſarie and fatal vnquietnes) liue vpon our owne Rack; finding no more ioy, than if wee were vnder no other hands, but our executioners. One droupeth vnder a fained euill; another augements a ſmall ſorrow, through impati-

ence; another draws, vpon himselfe, an vncertaine euill, through fear: one seekes true contentment, but not inough; another hath iust cause of ioy, and perceiues it not: One is vexed for that his grounds of ioy are matched with equall grieuances: another cannot complaine of any present occasion of sorrow; yet liues sullenly, because he findes not any present cause of comfort. One is haunted with his sinne; another, distracted with his passion: Amongst all which, hee

is a miracle of men, that liues not some way discontented. So, we liue not, while wee do liue; only for that wee want either wisedome, or will, to husband our liues to our own best aduantage. O, the inequalitie of our cares! Let Riches or Honour be in question; wee sue to them, we seeke for them with importunity, with seruile ambition; our paines neede no Solicitor. Yea, there is no way wrong, that leads to this ende: Wee abhorre the patience to stay, till

they inquire for vs. And if euer (as it rarely happens) our desert and worthinesse winnes vs the fauour of this profer, wee meet it with both hands; not daring, with our modest denialls to whet the instancie, and double the intreaties, of so welcome suiters: Yet lo, here the onely true and pretious riches (the hyest aduancemẽt of the soule) Peace, and Happines, seekes for vs, sues to vs for acceptation; our answeres are coy and ouerly, such as wee giue to those Clients that looke

to gaine by our fauours. If our wãt were through the ſcarcitie of good, we might yet hope for pitty, to eaſe vs: but, now that it is through negligence (and that we periſh with our hands in our boſom) we are rather worthy of ſtripes for the wrong we doe our ſelues, than of pittie for what wee ſuffer.. That wee may and will not, in opportunitie of hurting others; is Noble and Chriſtian: but, in our owne benefite, ſluggiſh; and fauoring of the worſt kinde of vnthriftineſſe.

Sayeſt

Sayest thou then, This peace is good to haue, but hard to get? It were a shamefull neglect, that hath no pretence. Is difficultie sufficient excuse to hinder thee, from the pursuit of riches, of preferment, of learning, of bodily pleasure? Art thou cõtent to sit shrugging in a base cottage, ragged, affamished; because house, clothes, and food will neither bee had without money, nor money without labour, nor labour without trouble and painefulnesse? Who is so mercifull,

as not to ſay, that a whip is the beſt almes for ſo lazy and wilfull neede? Peace ſhuld not be good if it were not hard. Go, and (by this excuſe) ſhut thy ſelfe out of heauen at thy death, and liue miſerably till thy death; becauſe the good of both worlds is hard to compaſſe. There is nothing, but miſerie (on earth) & hell (belowe) that thou canſt come-to without labour. And, if we can bee content to caſt-away ſuch immoderate and vnſeaſonable paines vppon theſe earthly

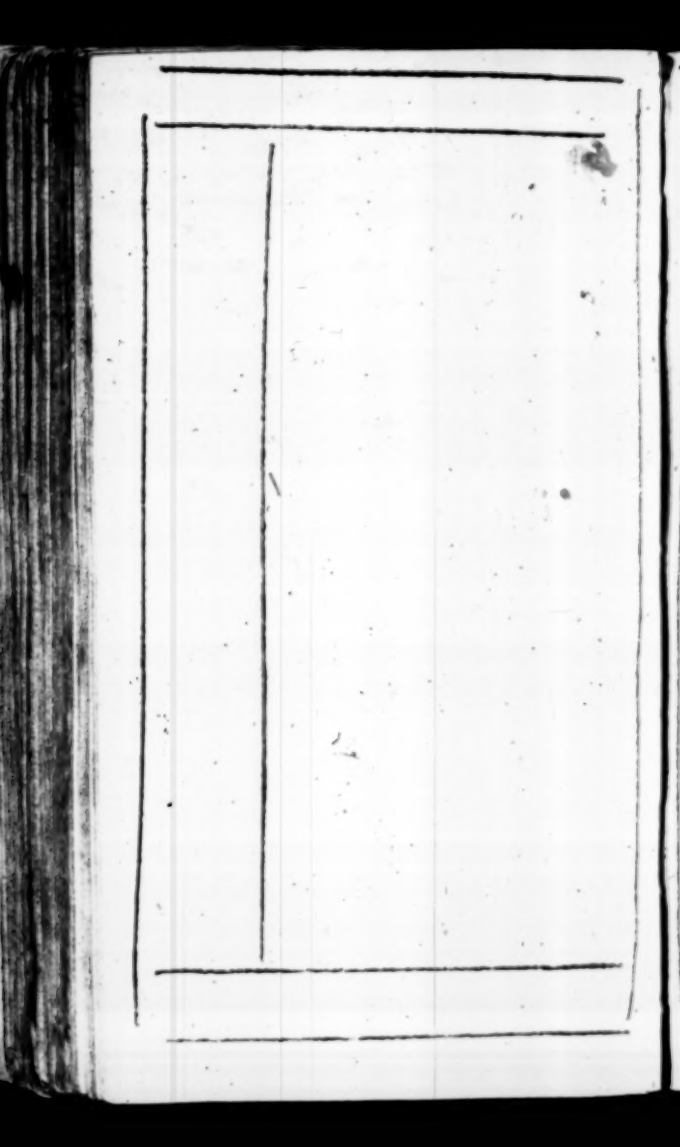
trifles,

trifles, as to weare our bodies with violence, & to incroach vppon the night for time to get them; what madnes shal it seeme in vs, not to afforde a lesse labour to that which is infinitely better, and which onely giues worth & goodnes to the other? Wherfore (if wee haue not vowed enmitie with our selues, if we be not in loue with miserie and vexation, if wee bee not obstinatly careless of our owne good) let vs shake off this vnthrifty, dangerous & desperate negligence;

and quicken theſe dull hearts, to a liuely and effectuall ſearch of what only canne yeelde them ſweete and abiding contentment. Which once attained; how ſhall wee inſult ouer euils, and bid them do their worſt! how ſhall wee, vnder this calme & quiet bay, laugh at the rough weather and vnſteadie motions of the world! how ſhall heauen and earth ſmile vpon vs, and wee on them! commanding the one, aſpiring to the other. how pleaſant ſhall our life bee! while

neither ioyes, nor sorrowes, can distemper it with excesse; yea, while the matter of ioy, that is within vs, turnes all the most sad occurrences, into pleasure. how deare and welcome shall our death be! that shall but lead vs from one heauen to another; from peace to glory. Go now, yee vain & idle worldlings, & please your selues in ý large extent of your rich Mannors; or, in the homage of those whome baseneſſe of minde hath made slaues to your Greatnes; or, in the price

and

and fashions of your full ward-robe; or, in the wãton varieties of your delicate gardens; or, in your cofers-full of red and white earth: Or, if there bee any other earthly thing more alluring, more precious; enioy it, possesse it, and let it possesse you: Let me haue only my peace; and let me neuer want it, till I enuie you.

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